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THE BYSTANDER,
MAY 25, 1938.

The BYSTANDER

SUMMER Nº

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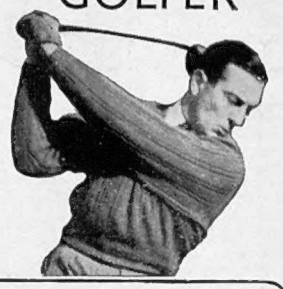

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A Nottingham reader writes:

". . . In these days of appalling 'journalese' (for want of a better word) it is a delight to read 'A London Newsletter'; not only for its common sense but for its literary style. The paragraph this week about . . . . . is a model for readers and writers alike and I should very much like to know who the Old Stager is."

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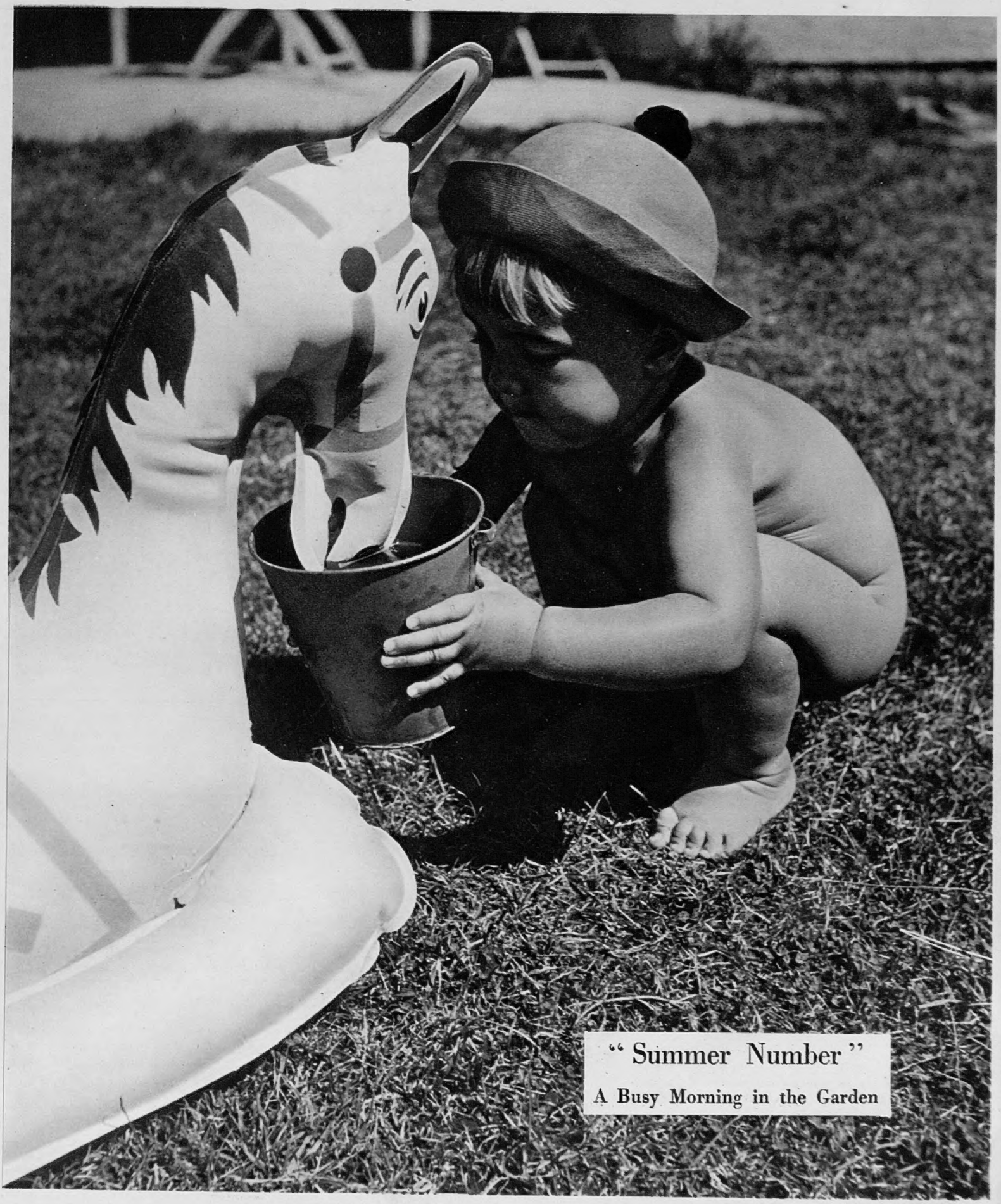
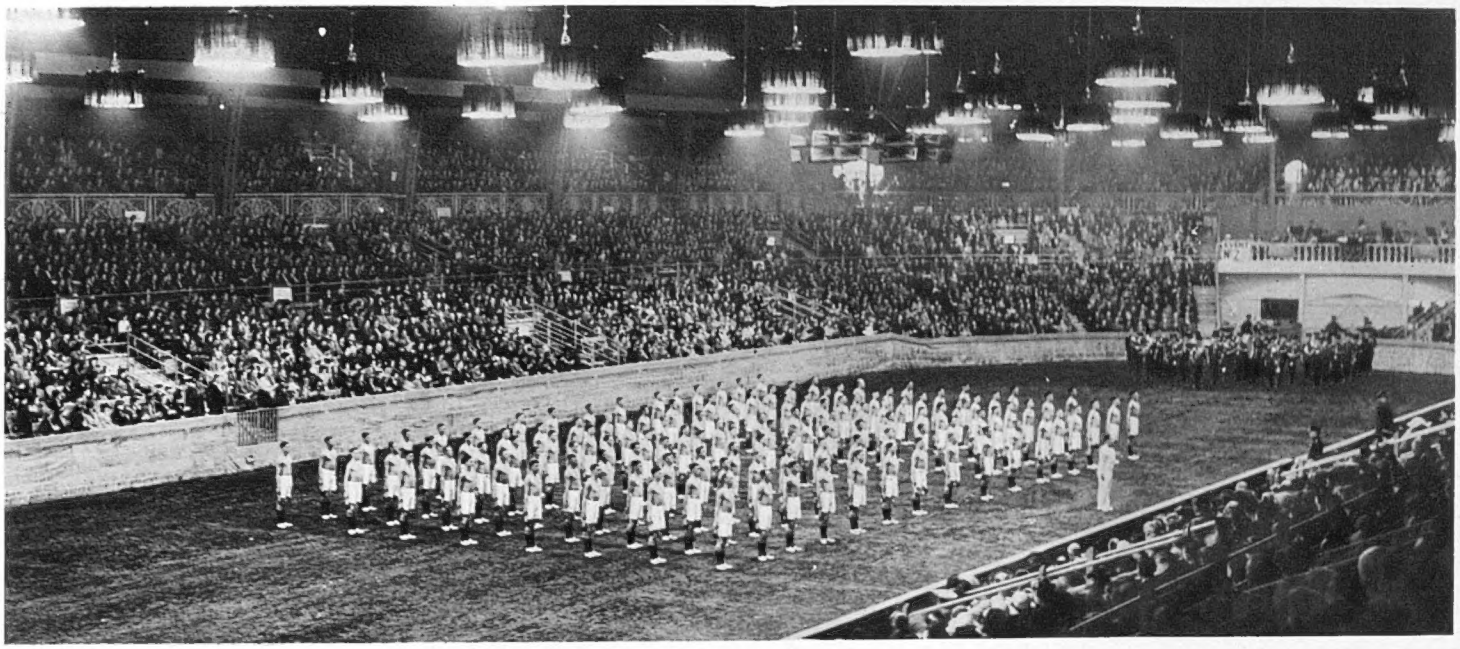
The Bystander



"Summer Number"

A Busy Morning in the Garden

Glogar, Prague



The Royal Tournament at Olympia

The King's Services are going through their annual paces at Olympia, for the amusement of the tax-payer and in aid of Service Charities, and with the concurrent national drives for recruiting and for physical fitness, it is highly topical. This dress-rehearsal picture shows the R.A.F. doing P.T. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester opened the show last Thursday

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Cabinet changes are all to the good, especially the clean sweep in the Air Ministry. Sir Kingsley Wood was not particularly successful at the Ministry of Health, but he was quite first-class at the Post Office as an organiser, and it is an organiser that the Air Ministry needs. The new Under-Secretary, Captain H. H. Balfour, is also a live wire with first-hand knowledge of Air Force conditions. Mr. Elliot returns from Scotland to Health, and as he is a doctor his appointment will be generally approved. It will be interesting to see if Mr. MacDonald inherits Mr. Ormsby-Gore's passion for the partition of Palestine now that he has inherited Mr. Ormsby-Gore's post. Lord Stanley's promotion to the Dominion Office makes two members of the Derby family in the Cabinet. The Cecil bloc is being caught up.

IT seems to be generally agreed that Signor Mussolini's new diplomatic aim is to divide Britain and France. When I say aim, I really mean action, because to split the Entente Cordiale has been the aim of Italy and Germany for years. The Duce's Genoa speech, in which he emphasised the importance of his new Concord with Britain and the comparative unimportance of his dealings with France, has thoroughly alarmed Paris. Especially as there has been no public reply from London affirming that it is impossible to drive a wedge between Britain and France.

MUSSOLINI was violent against France in his Genoa speech over the situation in Spain, where, he said, France and Italy were "on different sides of the barricade." By this he obviously meant that France was allowing food into Government Spain instead of accepting the Italian idea of "non-intervention." That fatal French logic, which believes that to send food into Barcelona is not really more criminal than to send bombers over Barcelona, is at work again.

THE situation in Czechoslovakia is again flaring up. After Herr Henlein's mysterious visit to London and his interviews with various people, including Mr. Churchill, the German Press opened out a full-dress offensive against the Czechs, including the same sort of allegations of the persecution of the German minority as were used against Austria just before the German Army marched in. On the asset side of the account, for what it is worth, are the negotiations which are to be started soon between Herr Henlein and Dr. Benes, the Czechoslovak President. And, better still, it is believed that although Henlein hates the Czech-Soviet Pact, he will not insist upon its abandonment as a condition in the negotiations.

AS for our own position in the whole Czechoslovak matter, Dr. Gilbert Murray has put it beautifully in a letter to *The Times*—

> Why does the independence of Czechoslovakia matter either to humanity or to Great Britain? To humanity, because if Czechoslovakia is Nazified then we shall be on the verge of a time when, in all Europe east of the Rhine, no Jew, no pacifist, no Socialist, no liberal-minded man, and we may without much exaggeration add, no Christian, will be able to live in peace and security. To Great Britain, because the collapse of the Czechs will hand over to the Nazi Government the Skoda armament factories, the Rumanian oilfields and an army of 3,000,000 well-equipped soldiers.

THE Bressey Report on the road development in Greater London deals with the problem on a very broad scale. It contains a scheme designed to meet traffic needs of thirty years hence, and among the recommendations are: a series of ring roads to deflect traffic from the centre of London; a new east-west arterial road twelve miles long; a new north-south road, a good deal of it overhead, and tunnels in Kensington and Westminster. In the scheme there would also be a new route to the Croydon airport, and parkways through open country leading out from London.

SIR OSWALD STOLL and Mr. Walter Payne have returned once again to their attack upon the Entertainments Duty. Their case against it, in so far as the theatres are concerned, is completely unanswerable. The Entertainments Tax is an iniquity, not only from the financial but also from the artistic angle. The drama is one of the arts, and it is apparently the definite policy of our modern, up-to-date governments to strangle it for the sake of a few hundred thousand pounds a year. Sir Oswald quotes the example of two "popular" successes which had to be taken off because of the tax. Seven hundred artists, musicians and workers were thrown out of work; two theatres were closed; and ground-rents, depreciation, insurance, etc., all suffered. The tax paid by the two plays was £32,500. Mr. Anmer Hall, the enterprising proprietor of the Westminster Theatre, had a brilliantly successful run with *Mourning Becomes Electra*, at the end of which he made a profit (with the help of his bars) of £130. He paid in Entertainments Tax £940.

AT last Mr. Hilaire Belloc has published his poems in one volume. This is years overdue. The new edition is important not only because it contains

(Concluded on page 292)

Baron

Sir Harry Stonor and His Sculptor Great-Niece

Jessica Stonor has just finished a portrait in bas-relief of her great-uncle, Sir Harry Stonor, the best-looking man of his age (seventy-nine) in England. They were photographed together at St. James's Palace, where Sir Harry Stonor lives. He has held appointments at Court since 1883, when he became Gentleman Usher to Queen Victoria; now he is an Extra Groom-in-Waiting to the King. He is Lord Camoys' uncle. His great-niece at present is working on a bas-relief portrait of the Duke of Kent. Soon she is going to hold an exhibition. Lady Selby and Lady Tichborne have been among her recent sitters

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 290)

several hitherto unpublished sonnets, but because at long last the "Heroic Poem in Praise of Wine" is available to the public. This magnificent piece of sustained exaltation appeared in the *London Mercury* in the old days when Sir John Squire was the presiding genius—and I mean genius—and was then privately printed, and is only now open to all. It is only eight pages of verse, but it contains the essence of twenty years of Mr. Belloc's life. In the same volume (published, by the way, by Duckworth's) are many of his famous epigrams, but you will look in vain, reader, for some of the other epigrams which will never see the light of print. Mr. Belloc is known as a historian, essayist, and many other things. Very few realise that with William Butler Yeats he is one of our two greatest living poets.

Lt.-Col. Colville for Scotland

The new Secretary for Scotland, one of two new Cabinet Ministers in last week's reshuffle, is Lt.-Col. D. J. Colville, long earmarked for the post. He was Under-Secretary at the Scottish Office before becoming Financial Secretary to the Treasury last year. His constituency is North Midlothian

THE Glasgow Exhibition continues to draw enormous crowds, and the Council of Management continues to vote against Sunday opening. Truly the Scots are a remarkable race, and truly their capacity for appearing in public to be righteous is unparalleled. I knew a Scotsman once who passionately opposed Sunday golf on his home links, and added to a speech of opposition the naïve remark: "Anyway, I have a Rolls-Royce, and can always go elsewhere to play golf on Sundays."

LORD BUTE, whose sale of his Cardiff estates for a colossal sum of money, has caused considerable sensation, is one of the very rich men in this country who patronises the arts in the style of so many American millionaires. That is to say, he not only buys works of art for his own enjoyment, but uses his money for the public good. Some months ago I referred in these pages to the work which he has done, and is doing, in the preserving and the reconstruction of beautiful architecture in Edinburgh.

ANOTHER patron of the arts who has just died was Mrs. R. W. Chapin. It was through Mrs. Chapin's generosity many years ago, when she was living in New York (she was by birth a Louisianian), that Isadora Duncan got her first chance as a dancer. In London her salon was a famous meeting place for the great men of the arts before the war.

MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN'S Exhibition at Tooth's Gallery in New Bond Street, is superb. It is painting in the grandest manner. Perhaps the most exciting of the pictures are the studies of Jamaican types, but all are magnificent.

MR. ROBERT BOOTHBY, Aberdeen's dashing young Tory member, became eloquent in the House of Commons the other day about the herring. "The raw salt herring," he cried, "accompanied by potatoes and washed down with beer, is one of the most delicious foods in the world." Mr. Macquisten facetiously interrupted, "Start a herring bar." Mr. Boothby instantly accepted the suggestion as serious. Certainly a herring bar with a beer licence would be a contribution to civilisation.

THE first half of the Tennis Championship of Great Britain, and by tennis I mean tennis, and not the game played with a soft ball, took place at Prince's Club last week. The holder, Mr. Lowther Lees, a Manchester amateur, was challenged by James Dear, the Prince's Club professional. There was a large crowd watching, and it was well rewarded by some astonishingly brilliant play. Mr. Lees won the first set, but Dear's quickness of foot, and almost uncanny powers of retrieving the impossible ball, steadily wore the holder down, and Dear won by three sets to one. The second half of the match is played on Mr. Lees's home court in Manchester.

THE rain has come at last in many parts of the country. It really looked as if the old saying had come true, and that the rain had gone to Spain never, never to return again.

THE *News Chronicle* got very excited about the enormous crowd which went to the "at-home" given by the Italian Ambassador and Contessa Grandi at the Italian Embassy. But I think it was a pity that our staid contemporary should have let itself go to the extent of printing a headline—"BUFFETS IN BEDROOMS."

Sir Kingsley Wood of Adastral House

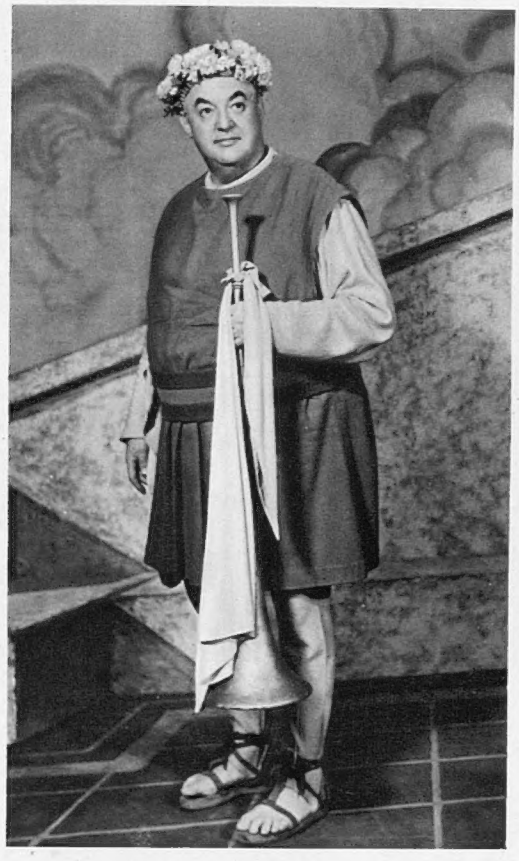
Lord Swinton's resignation of the Air Ministry (because he is a peer, they said) gave the impetus to a minor general post in the Cabinet and the Ministry. Sir Kingsley Wood has gone from Whitehall to Aldwych, where his desk is decorated with the multi-coloured telephones he introduced as P.M.G. His new Under-Secretary is Capt. Harold Balfour, M.P. for the Isle of Thanet, who was an early member of the R.F.C. and later of the R.A.F.

Sir Charles Bressey of the Road Report

The publication (at 7s. 6d.) of Sir Charles Bressey's 40,000-word report on traffic congestion in London, and his recommendations for solving it, have called forth unanimous acclamation. The chief improvements suggested are ring roads for inner and outer London, viaducts and tunnels on numerous routes, re-shaping of congested crossings. Sir Charles Bressey had Sir Edwin Lutyens as consultant

"Amphitryon 38"

The Lunts at the Lyric



Sydney Greenstreet is the Trumpeter who likes to compose a silent tune before playing his single note—a delicious character

Prologue: Jupiter and Mercury Plan an Earthly Campaign Against Virtue

The Lunts have arrived, and have conquered again. Irresistibly, from the moment the curtain goes up on a cloud-borne Jupiter discussing with Mercury his attack on Alkmena's virtue, until it goes down on Alkmena holding her husband Amphitryon's hand and calling farewell to the Master of the Gods, they cast the golden spell of their art and wit and charm. The critics may disagree about whether the Giradoux comedy — thirty-eighth known version of the episode preceding Hercules' birth—is a good play or not: as this company plays it, and as it is here produced and set, its situations and its rippling, amusing dialogue are an evening of rare delight

Mercury (Richard Whorf) Delivers His Message to Alkmena (Lynn Fontanne)

Jupiter (Alfred Lunt) Learns that Friendship Also Has Its Charms

Social Register

GOING TO COURT

Miss Mary Madden and Her Mother

Mary Madden is the youngest daughter of the late Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Madden, and sister of the present Baronet; was presented by her mother, Lady Madden, who is Countess Jellicoe's sister

Lady Forres and Her Daughter

Jean Williamson, who will be nineteen this year, is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Forres; she made her curtsey at the second May Court

Three New Zealand Debutantes

Noela Cable, Nota Tipping, and Nita Reid were school-mates in Wellington—the Samuel Marsden Collegiate School—and now they are co-debutantes. Mrs. W. J. Jordon, wife of the High Commissioner, presented them and four other girls from N.Z.

DEBUTANTES BY DAYLIGHT

Miss Catherine Sinclair Drawing

Accomplishments are fashionable in debutante circles—most of them draw or play or sing or dance. Sir Archibald and Lady Sinclair's Catherine draws and has exhibited some of her work. She also plays tennis with enthusiasm and skill. She goes to Court in July

Lady Jean and Lady Barbara Hastings

These two Scottish debutantes beside the Serpentine are in London for the season before being presented at Holyrood. They are the eldest of Captain Reginald Abney-Hastings and the Countess of Loudoun's five daughters, and are eighteen and nineteen respectively

JOURNEY TO AMERICA

Lord and Lady Robert

Lord Bute's son and daughter-the day the announcement was of part of Lord Bute's Cardiff Crichton-Stuart had taken a big for his father. His wife was

DINNER AND SUPPER

The Hon. Hedley Strutt and Miss Diana Renshaw

Capt. G. H. Critchley and Miss Evelyn Pinching

Lord Gormanston and Miss Anne Hoare

Above, left: Diana Renshaw, who is with Lord Rayleigh's son, is Lady Winifred Renshaw's younger daughter and a niece of Lord Leitrim

Above, right: Evelyn Pinching, who is one of the ski-ing stars, and her companion were dining at the White City; the greyhound-racing season there is now at its height

Right: Mr. and Mrs. James Lane Fox were married in January last year, and their son, Martin James, was christened last week. Mrs. Lane Fox was Anne Loyd before her marriage; her husband's family live at Boston Spa, in Yorkshire

A CHRISTENING

Martin James Lane Fox and His Parents

Crichton-Stuart

in-law sailed for America made of the £5,000,000 sale properties. Lord Robert part in negotiating the sale Lady Janet Montgomerie

Lord Gormanston, Ireland's premier Viscount, and Anne Hoare were spending a supper-and-dancing evening together

FAMILY OUTINGS IN HYDE PARK

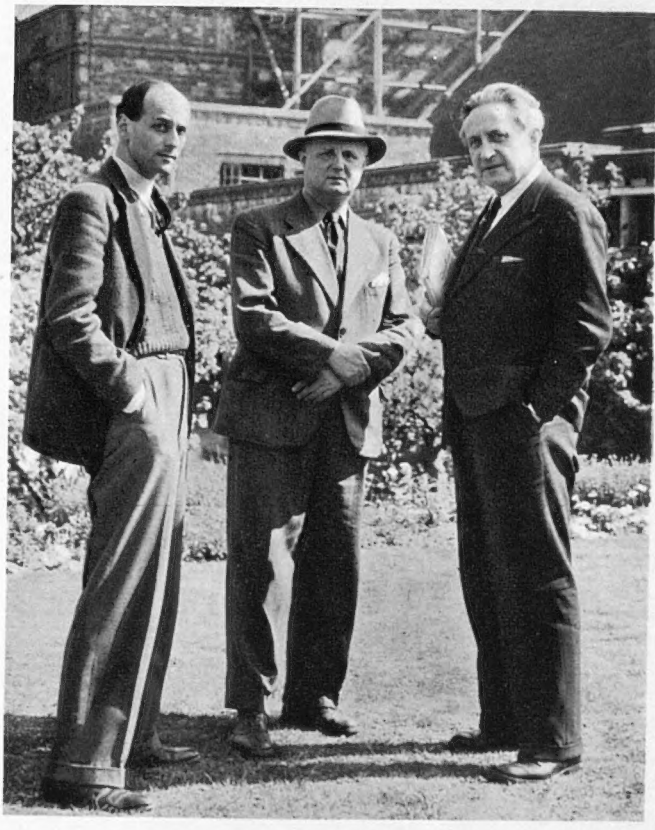
Mrs. Owen Roberts and Camilla

Lady Worthington-Evans and Anne-Louise

Sir Shirley and Lady Worthington-Evans have two daughters and Anne-Louise (whose name portmanteaus charmingly into Annielou) is the younger, born in 1934. Mrs. Owen Roberts (left) was Pat Charles before her marriage. Daughter Camilla was born at the end of last year

The French Ambassador Visits an Exhibition

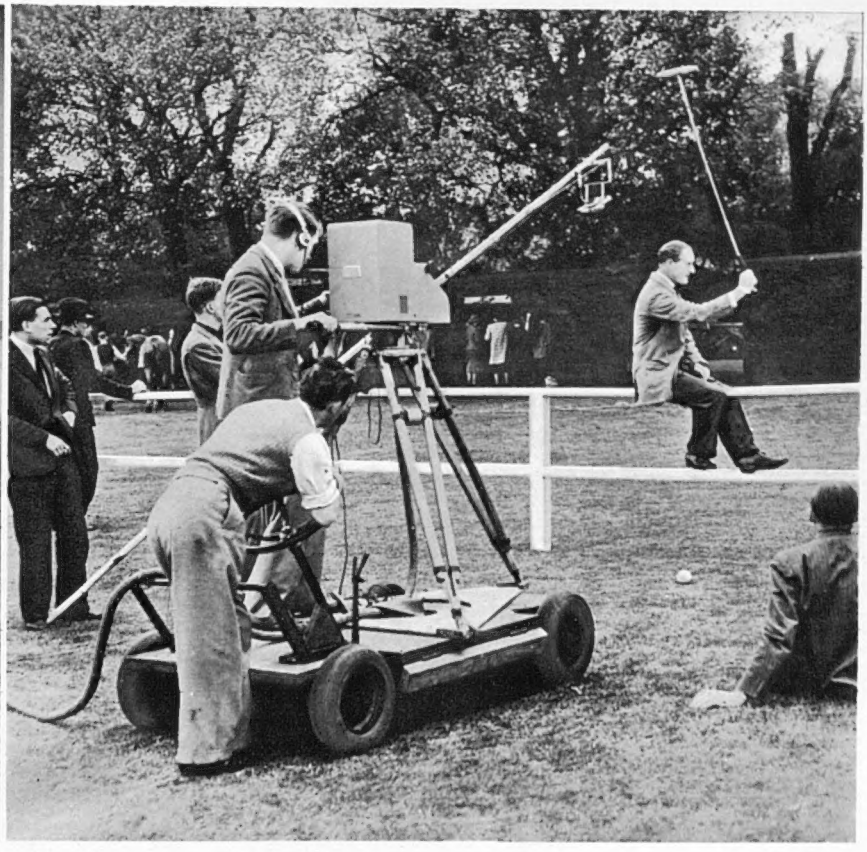
Like all good Ambassadors, a patron of his country's art, M. Corbin went to see the pictures which his compatriot, Mlle. Eliane de la Villeon, is showing just now at the Leger Galleries. She calls her exhibition "Pictures of Europe"



Prelude to the Glyndebourne Season

The Glyndebourne opera season opened last Saturday in the enlarged theatre, which was still scaffolded when this snapshot was taken. These three Glyndebourne figures are Rudolf Bing, the general manager; Fritz Busch, the conductor; and Carl Ebert, the producer

Arts and Entertainments



Television—Some of the Things That Viewers Don't See

While the Red Knight (Harold Turner) prepared to plunge his sword into the Black Queen's throat (June Brae), Ninette de Valois and D. H. Munro calmly continued their conversation. She is the choregrapher of the Vic-Wells ballet "Checkmate," which was being televised, and he is the B.B.C. television producer

With a white Hurlingham railing for pony, Colonel Kennedy gave viewers a demonstration of polo technique just before the final of the Whitney Cup. The first and last two chukkas of the match, in which Adsdean beat Cowdray Park, were also televised

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 72

Lily Pons

WHAT a pity that Lily Pons could not stay over and sing at Covent Garden when she was here the other day—especially as we shall be seeing no more talkies featuring her for at least another two years. For Lily, as you may know, is only 5 ft. 5 ins. (even in her size 2 shoes with their three-inch heels) and weighs 7 stone 6 lb., in delightful contrast to those hefty singers whose sheer bulk destroys so much of the glamour of the music. Not that she will ever forgive you if you call her a pocket prima donna. "I 'm petite," she says, "but not a pocket prima donna. Ca c'est cheap, pas dignified de tout." As you observe, she talks in a delicious mixture of French and English, befitting a girl who was born in Cannes.

IT was actually at Mulhausen that she started her opera career seriously in *Lakme* after studying in Paris under Alberti de Gorostiaga. But the personal turn of the tide for her was her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House in January 1931—*Lucia di Lammermoor* it was, and how the critics raved about her! Since then she has sung all over the world, and the 22-carat diamond on her right hand is tangible evidence of her first big tour of South America, where she is now returning. As for her talkies, she says that she much prefers opera, original stories being so difficult to find for singers like herself and Grace Moore. Besides, she doesn't like being surrounded by a posse of comedians to build up the box-office appeal. "I make comedy myself," she protests. What she really hopes for is to make *Madame Butterfly*, of which Paramount has the film-rights. Meantime, she is to marry André Kostelanetz, the radio orchestra leader, whom she has known for three years.

THIS will be real front-page news in the U.S., for Lily Pons has a terrific following over there. Not only are ships and railway engines named after her, there is even a town (twenty miles from Boston) called Lily Pons. Beaucoup de fans (as she would say) write to her, with the local postmark inscribed on their letters, for Christmas and her birthday. In private life she never drinks alcohol nor smokes a cigarette, owns a property at Connecticut with an exact replica of a Normandy farmhouse as her home; loves nasturtiums and riding; eats all the fattening foods possible, yet cannot play tennis as it causes her to lose weight; never bathes in the sea for fear of sinus trouble; drinks literally twenty glasses of water per day to avoid catching colds; likes cold lentil salad and entrecôtes; is the proud possessor of the Légion d'Honneur; makes her own shampoo out of six eggs and a tablespoonful of rum (très whippé); likes emeralds and royal blue; finds that 13 is lucky for her and has just secured permission to have Pons 13 as the number-plate for her next car; is both seasick and air-sick if the weather is rough; but always looks as pretty as a picture and remains completely unspoilt—the prima donna to end all prima donnas, in fact.

Charles Graves

The Ballets Jooss

By Arnold L. Haskell

THE Ballets Jooss opened its London season at the Old Vic on Monday, after a long absence and a highly successful world tour.

The London ballet public is essentially diehard, wedded not only to the classical tradition, but to its most complete expression, demanding dances that are clearly dances, a continual series of arias, and the very minimum of recitative. Consequently, after the first shock of *The Green Table* Jooss has not had much success in London. London *and* Jooss are to blame.

The ballet public is not so large as one might imagine; it is faithful and enthusiastic, and the success of any season is made by the number of repeat visits that are made. There are some hundred, or even more, who come to Covent Garden on an average of four times a week. Without them, no season can hope to pay its way. Some of them have become connoisseurs, some watch in a semi-hypnotic state, some are "ballet blimps." All of them subsidise ballet.

KURT Jooss has evolved a technique of his own out of the Central European system of von Laban, with a foundation of orthodox ballet training. His company is head and shoulders above any other in musicality and precision. But that is not enough. The most poignant and effective scenes in *The Green Table* are the first and last, where the seated positions of the dancers logically curtail their movements. Later, when Death is let loose, though there is a wealth of imagination, there is a definite poverty of movement. When the dramatic conception palls—and no one can maintain the level the entire time—there is no interest in the movement itself. Great ballet, of which *Petrouchka* is the outstanding example, is interesting both dramatically and plastically.

For that reason Kurt Jooss, a man of outstanding gifts, is largely known as the creator of one work, *The Green Table*. Yet all his ballets have merit, especially the *Impressions of a Big City* and the *Vienna Waltzes*, with their fine handling of different types of waltz.

Kurt Jooss could give us ballet plus something of his own devising, instead of a compromise that leaves him weakened. Ever since their discovery at about the time of Taglioni, ballet has tended to abuse the "points" (tips of the toes); yet there is a justification for their use, especially in turning, and to use them under no circumstances whatsoever is an equal abuse. Ballet technique as understood since the advent of Fokine is a means and never an end; it has enabled the Russians to produce *The Three-Cornered Hat* (Spanish) as well as *Les Sylphides*; *The Polovtsian Dances* (Russian) as well as *Carnaval*; to dance *Le Sacre du Printemps* (primitive) as well as *Le Spectre de la Rose*. In taking full advantage of the ballet system, Kurt Jooss could increase his range of expression, and at the same time his public.

London loves "stars" and Jooss believes in an ensemble, and from the point of view of what he is trying to express he is right, but once again a more varied use of technique would create "stars" in the right sense of the word, revealing the individuality of the performers, only one of whom, Elsa Kahl, has succeeded in informing every role she undertakes with the exceptional power of her miming.

Whatever technical objections may be raised, Jooss merits success. He is a man with a powerful creative imagination, and there is much that he can teach ballet and a public that tends towards complacency.

THE green-baize table, the platitudes of politicians and their lack of goodwill, the arguments, pistol-shots and then the horrors of Death let loose, are more topical to-day than when the ballet was first created some eight years ago. In its infancy ballet was used by Richelieu and others as a commentary on affairs of State and a warning. Kurt Jooss has created a work that is more direct and could be more effective than a pile of white, green and yellow books as high as the Nelson monument. *The Green Table* is as significant as *Idiot's Delight*, perhaps even more telling for its condensation.

Anthony

"Only one of the performers, Elsa Kahl, has succeeded in informing every role she undertakes with the exceptional power of her miming"

The Return of the Son

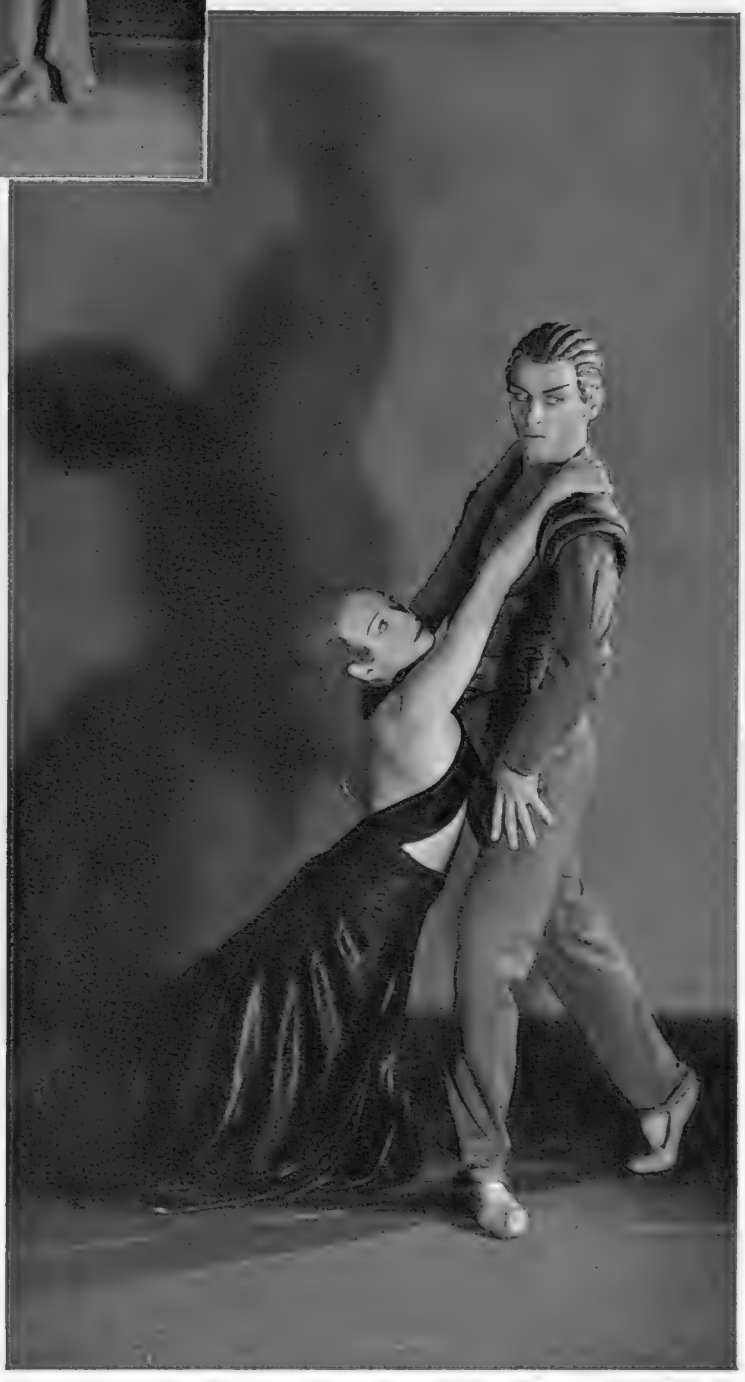
The Father, Arnold Van Ogtrop; the Son, Rudolph Pescht; the Mother, Elsa Kahl

"The Prodigal Son"

The Ballets Jooss opened their three weeks' season at the Old Vic last Monday. Of the nine works in their repertoire, *The Prodigal Son* is one of those unfamiliar to London audiences. This "legend in dance" was composed by Kurt Jooss to music by Fritz A. Cohen, the company's musical director, with costumes by Hein Heckroth, and tells of the Prodigal Son's desertion of his home, his aggrandisement, downfall, degradation and final return. Rudolph Pescht, who takes the part of the Son, is the leading male dancer of the Company—as far as such a thing can be said of so closely-knit and balanced a team

Photographs by Anthony

The Son (Rudolph Pescht) and the Young Queen, his first love (Atty Van den Berg)



The Seductress (Lola Botka) and the Mysterious Companion (Ernest Uthoff)

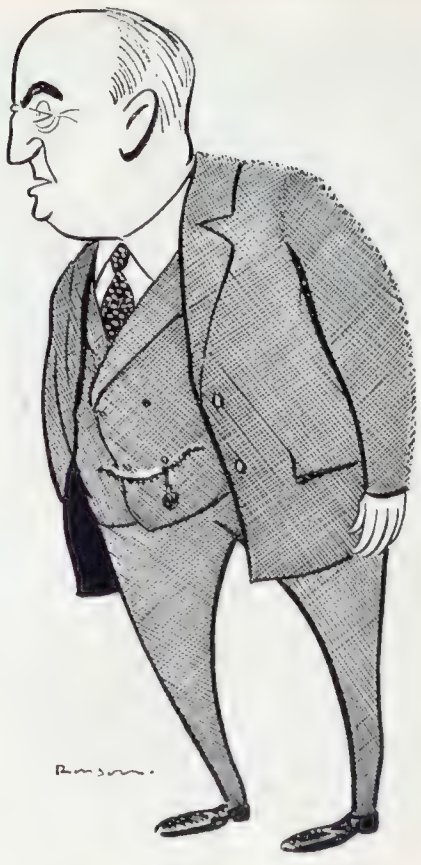
The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"People of Our Class" (New)

A CRITICAL Trinculo, sniffing Mr. Ervine's latest play, would have some ground for guessing it to be a kind of not of the newest St. John. Act I. might have been written round about 1924, when post-war hectics were at their zenith, when sherry had reached its nadir, and when young things, blind as bats to the infinite, did perhaps chatter as cynically as those assembled by Mr. Ervine at his lawn-tennis tea-party, and were, perhaps, numerous enough to be worth scarifying. Act II. might have been written round about 1913, which was one year after the production of *Hindle Wakes*. It is in this Act that the local butcher, whose son has become engaged to the daughter of the local major-general, drops what would once have been a dramatic bombshell by objecting to the match even more emphatically than the major-general has objected himself. And Act III., if not quite a thunderbolt to-day, would unquestionably have been colossal in the 'nineties, when Clement Scott would have fulminated against the nauseous and pernicious conduct of the young unmarried couple who bring their parents to book by deliberately facing them with a choice between consent and an illegitimate grandchild.

Poona — by gad, sir! Retired Indian Officer (Nicholas Hannen)



Village tradesman, by gum! Local butcher (James Harcourt)

IN this contest Mr. Ervine's sympathies are clearly on the side of the lovers, and since the butcher's boy is presented as a very good-looking, very well-bred, very well-educated young gentleman who is in every way (barring parental pork-chops) the equal of the young lady he loves, we leave the theatre satisfied that not Romeo and Juliet would have lived more happily ever after. We may, however, also feel that the young lady is in the lucky position of having her cake and eating it. Her strong contention all through has been that she has a right to a baby and that, since there are not enough men to go round, she must take the best man she can get. The best man she can get being the best man you could possibly imagine, she may thank her stars and Mr. St. John Ervine that the social problem has been most felicitously solved. Why not a Government of Playwrights?

Sketches by Rouson

The family hear the news (Athene Seyler and Mary Jerrold)

Parents without benefit of clergy (Ursula Jeans and Bernard Lee)

IF I consider *People of Our Class* inferior to Mr. Ervine's best work, you should bear in mind that I hold the same opinion of *Robert's Wife*. Both these pieces seem to me to have been constructed for the West End on the principle that he who writes and runs away will live to write another day. Those who read their weekly *Observer* know what a fearless writer Mr. Ervine is. The one thing he seems to be afraid of is his theatre audience, who, however they may rejoice to see him take off his coat, put up his fists, and then sit down to tea, are not getting the best out of him. We remember *Jane Clegg*. We remember *Mixed Marriage*. We wait again for next time.

But while waiting, here's Miss Mary Jerrold, impeccable as a mother once more (she must now have had twice as many children as any other actress on the stage); here's Mr. Nicholas Hannen, with a nice sense of comedy as the major-general; here's Miss Athene Seyler, suspended between her last part and her next as a friend of the family; here's Miss Ursula Jeans, firm and sensitive as the daughter. Not to mention (which means the opposite) Miss Beryl Measor and Mr. James Harcourt at the top of their form.

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C.F.H.

Dragoon's Dilemma

By Anna K. Zinkeisen

A Swim in the Rhine

Anchored in Mid-air, a Rhine-Daughter Pours Out Her Song

Over She Goes! A Rhine-Daughter Swims into View

A Wagner Rehearsal at Covent Garden

"In wavy sport the Rhine-daughters dart from cliff to cliff . . . Woglinde, Wellgunde and Flosshilde in turn gambol almost within Alberich's reach, only to dart away again. . . . Swimming high above him the Rhine-daughters incite him with gleeful cries to chase them." So *The Complete Opera Book* describes the result of the strapping and buckling, manipulations of ropes and pulleys, feverish, whispered directions that go on behind the Covent Garden scene when *Das Rheingold* is being given. But it is not the singers who dart and gambol above the stage. Their gleeful cries come from behind the rocks, where they crouch while their "stand-ins," strapped into shining fishtails, their toes mildly emerging between the lower fins, swim above. Stella Andreva, Edith Coates and Edith Furmedge are the Rhine-daughters this year; Misses Stevens, Godfrey and Roughwood are the stand-ins. More back-stage pictures are on the next two pages

Photographs by Hutten

Back Stage at Covent Garden

Tiana Lemnitz, dressed as Octavian in "Rosenkavalier," makes up her face for an early scene. She is also Elsa in "Lohengrin," Eva in "Meistersinger"

"Fidelio" Rehearsal: producer Waldemar watch Marcellina (Irma Beilke), Leonora

Like a great humming hive of music is the Opera House at Covent Garden just now, sinking into only a brief silence and inactivity after the evening performances. Rehearsals go on ceaselessly all day, on the stage, in the foyer, anywhere; dresses are fitted, scenery is shifted—and photographs are taken. Of the conductors, Erich Kleiber, who made his first London appearance this year with such outstanding success, conducting *Rosenkavalier* and *The Flying Dutchman*, has now completed his engagement. Of the singers, Tauber has also gone, and is already on his way to Australia. Mister Jackson, with whom he was photographed below, is the famous stage-door-keeper of the Opera House. He has as tremendous a memory for faces as any casino official

Photographs by Hutten

Erich Kleiber and Erna kavalier," which he conducted

"Going down": Marie Louise Schilp (Annina in "Rosenkavalier") descends to stage-level

"Any post?" Richard Tauber arrives early for "Die Entführung," collects his mail from Mister Jackson

In the Wings Ludwig Weber for their cues as Rocco and

Staegeman and Sir Thomas Beecham (Rose Pauly), Rocco (Ludwig Weber)

***Berger** talk in her dressing-room before "Rosen- and in which she sang Sophie von Faninal*

***Dr. Wilhelm Furtwangler,** who is conducting both cycles of "The Ring," takes an orchestral rehearsal in the foyer against a background of expectant glasses and bottles*

and Rose Pauly wait Leonora in "Fidelio"

***The dressers** of the leading singers wait below a loud-speaker to hear when it's time for their "charges" to go on the stage*

***Rest period:** Baron Ochs in "Rosenkavalier" (Fritz Krenn) fixes his shoe in an Opera House corridor*

Dancing to Summer's Tune

Photographs by Dr. B. Kröhn

The Wodehouse Villa

A Novelist's Home at Le Touquet

It has been said that from the first two decades of this century only two fictitious characters will live: Forsyte and Jeeves. Immortal or not, the immense present popularity of the latter and his book-fellows has assured their creator a comfortable position in life, a house in Park Lane, and a villa at Le Touquet. The bright and shining residence illustrated on this page was bought by P. G. Wodehouse two years ago, shortly before leaving for Hollywood. He made additions to it, had in Mrs. Marie Louise Arnold to decorate, stocked the shelves with novels and hung some restrained modern paintings on the walls. It is a contrast to the Park Lane house, which is furnished in strict classical style, antiques, old masters, and so on. The grounds of the villa are right next door to the Le Touquet golf-course

***Maximum daylight** is a feature of all the rooms in the villa. There are no ceiling-lamps or picture-rails*

***The spring sun** shone down on Mr. and Mrs. Wodehouse on the terrace with Winkie and the Pup*

The dining-room *is discreetly modern, except for old-style beer-tankards and silver candlesticks*

Evidently tulips *are favourites with Mrs. Wodehouse. Ten vases of them can be seen in these top pictures*

The Wodehouses *haven't entertained much at Le Touquet yet, but often go to the Casino. On the right they look as if they'd had a good night: they once won £5000 at a sitting*

Photographs by Millar and Harris

The villa *stands amid larches and sandy country, well known to Le Touquet golfers (below)*

Five Engagements

Fayer of Vienna

Miss Gloria Gordon

Dorothy Louisa Fane is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Fane, of 24, Dawson Place, W.2; she will be married in October to Frederick James Colville, Gordon Highlanders, youngest son of Admiral Sir Stanley and Lady Adelaide Colville, of Larchwood, Crawley Down, Sussex

Gloria Gordon is the only daughter of Colonel William Gordon, V.C., and Mrs. Gordon, of The Cottage, Lennox Mews, S.W.1; she is engaged to George Sinclair Stevenson, only son of the late Major Sinclair Stevenson and Mrs. Stevenson, of 25, Wetherby Gdns., S.W.5

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Dorothy Louisa Fane

Fayer of Vienna

Miss Anne Chilton

Mary Cadman, Lord and Lady Cadman's daughter, is to have a June 10th wedding at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks. Her fiancé is Lieut.-Colonel William Pat Arthur Bradshaw, Scots Guards, son of the late Arthur Bradshaw and Mrs. H. Harris, of Thornton Hall, Stony Stratford, Bucks.

Anne Chilton is the youngest daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Chilton, of 39, Brompton Square, S.W.3; her father became Ambassador to Spain in 1935. She is engaged to Thomas Dupree, son of the late Sir William Dupree and Marion Lady Dupree, of Upperfold, Liphook, Hants.

Venetia Green is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Frederick Green and Mrs. Green, of Caddington Hall, St. Albans, Herts.; her fiancé is Michael Hesketh-Prichard, eldest son of the late Major H. V. Hesketh-Prichard and Lady Elizabeth Motion, of Serge Hill, Abbots Langley, Bucks.

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The Hon. Mary Cadman

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AN EVENING at WHITE CITY

A series of paintings by GILBERT HOLIDAY

No. 2. THE FIRST BEND

Your first evening greyhound racing at White City . . . Your dinner, in the glass-enclosed grandstand restaurant, has been flawless . . . you have been thrilled with the keen suppressed excitement of the start . . . And now the trap has snapped open, the crowd is roaring and for the first time are you watching racing greyhounds in action . . . the exquisitely poised bodies, flashing grace of movement, coloured jackets a changing pattern against emerald turf. 'There they go!'—at full speed round the first bend—that first bend where trackcraft and skill so often decide the result . . . each greyhound swinging swiftly in towards the rails, straining hard for an opening and the lead. It is a sight of thrilling beauty—one of the really great moments of a White City evening!

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" I 'll be with you in fifteen minutes ! "

ANDRÉ GÉRAUD, the eminent " Pertinax," formerly of the *Echo de Paris*, whose supremacy as an internationally-quoted European oracle day by day has been challenged recently by that of Mme. Tabouis of *L'Œuvre*, has just won a libel action against a satiric weekly of the Right, and thus returns to the headlines. It may be there 's a fashion in oracles, as in everything else, and that Madame's vogue will last only so long. Her straight-from-the-stable utterances sound to us pretty impressive, but we 're easily awed by the aces of political journalism, and " Pertinax " and Madame and " Scrutator " and Vernon Bartlett have us in a muck-sweat of acquiescence and propitiation and fawning admiration every time we read them. With Mme. Tabouis we 're a weeny bit, perhaps, less awed. What we feel is that the big bonnets in the top inner circles of French politics and diplomacy in which Madame moves might—it 's just a supposition—be apt sometimes to embellish their opinions on a given European démarche and its consequences out of gallantry and desire to please a charming woman, whereas when questioned by a male journalist of equal standing they 'd just grunt " Entendu ! " or " Naturellement ! " or even " Fiche-moi la paix ! " rather rudely. But after all, the great thing is to prophesy with confidence, and to do them justice, Madame and the boys rarely have to eat their words.

The most graceful exhibition of word-eating we 've come across lately occurred in a book by a well-known oracle we were glancing at last week. A declaration that to accuse Herr Hitler of designs on Austria was absurd, unjust, and unthinkable (or words to that effect) had a footnote attached. The footnote added that as the book was just going to press, certain events had occurred which required a modification of this view.

Big Boy

THE sudden death of the enormous Pauley, twenty-stone or so ornament of the lighter Parisian stage, reduces the number of supremely good fat comedians (professional) to about two (though one of 'em won't admit it). Pauley was an admirable clown, on stage or film. Fat comedians have an immense natural start over normal ones long before they open their mouths, but Pauley didn't rely on his Rabelaisian belly or his big moon-face, which was made of pure rubber. He had the Comic Spirit, and could make Molièresque comedy out of practically anything—e.g., the so-so part of the farmer in Reynaldo Hahn's musical play *Ciboulette*. One of the acts opened with a dainty farm-kitchen choral number celebrating pianissimo the dewy peace and quiet breathing of the countryside at morn. Between each dulcet verse Pauley worked up one of those sudden, blazing, strident French rows which begin with a snarl and rocket up into ear-splitting Bedlam. It may not sound highly comic described in cold print, but it was exquisitely so.

A few days ago the London dailies were plastered with merry photographs of an enormous gentleman rich in abdomens and chins, who announced that British films lacked a first-rate fat comedian and that he was the Boy with the Goods and Heaven's gift to a laugh-starved nation. He was perfectly right as to the first half of this statement. Whether the film he was going to make (at his own cost) will prove him right as to the second, one can't yet say. There was to be a scene in it in which a lot of girls pushed him laughingly into a swimming-bath. We were, we are, alas ! a prey to awful forebodings.

" And then came William the Conqueror "

Copycats

THE recent award of £118,000 damages by a New York court to two playwrights who claimed that the Metro-Goldwyn boys plagiarised a piece of theirs is causing a bit of excitement in booksy circles. In most cases of plagiarism the boys and girls, if and when detected, get away with it by inserting a casual apology in the *Times Lit. Supp.*, and if an old and well-established literary custom is going to be penalised to the extent of thousands of pounds, what is going to become of the booksy racket, people are asking ? That award is simply subsidising nosey sneaks and narks of the calibre of an evil-minded chap who devoted a long *Mercure de France* article some time ago to displaying, in parallel columns, selected chunks from a recent best-selling biography and chunks from a standard biography some fifty years old, showing them to be in many cases the same word for word. We forget how the author explained it. " I just forgot to put in the quotation-marks," is the excuse generally accepted.

The booksy girls are chiefly affected. The supreme act of creation works them often into such a state of neurotic frenzy

that they don't know if they're composing, copying, or swinging by their toes from the chandelier. They can't be blamed for plagiarism, therefore, and neither can their publishers, who have never read anything. Next time you see an erotic passage beginning:

With a single bound Derek reached her. His wolfish teeth sank into her shoulder. "I love you," he hoarsed.

"Me?" Her laugh was wild with pain.

"There are two very natural propensities," he rasped, flinging her roughly aside, "which we may distinguish in the most virtuous and liberal dispositions, the love of pleasure and the love of action. If the former be refined by art and learning, improved by social intercourse, and corrected by a just regard to economy, to health, and to reputation, it is productive," etc., etc., etc.

you'll know the girl who wrote it picked up an odd volume of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* in the Charing Cross Road, believing it to be an Evelyn Waugh.

Spadework

"VAIN it is to seek the grave of Arthur," sighs an old, beautiful Welch poem, but apparently one of the caves of Arthur has just been discovered in a village of Glamorgan. A pitboy with a flash-lamp found the ivy-hung entrance by accident near the Sychant Gorge and descended fifty feet into a stalactite-decorated hall, with passages. In this cave, or one leading from it and as yet undiscovered, Welch legend of centuries ago asserts that Arthur lay with his knights in hiding on some historic occasion or other. (Hiding from whom? Guinevere, possibly?) It would be fun to discover the actual cave and possibly relics, and confound once more the materialist prigs who scorn tradition. At regular intervals the archæologist's spade turns up something in Palestine and Syria and those parts which makes them look perfect prunes. How excellent if the Arthurian Legend were similarly proved true, in part or whole! And how damned embarrassing for the Welch if they came upon that great cave in which Arthur sits still surrounded by his knights, awaiting the call to arise and help them! They'd have to make him a J.P. and an Eisteddfod adjudicator.

Dumb Friend

MOSQUITO DAY, celebrated by a luncheon at the London School of Tropical Medicine, brought us poignant memories of high temperature and low spirits. We too have been bitten by the anopheles mosquito, the eager little trumpeting sweetheart, and have sunk into a coma with ice-bags on our flaming brow. The luncheon commemorated the great work of Sir Ronald Ross and Sir Patrick Manson, who have considerably astonished the malarial mosquito in her insolence and pride. Their drainage and other methods—the Army in the Balkans used chiefly paraffin, which does great harm to the health of Anopheles' happy humming brood in their marshy nesting-places, but no doubt Ross and Manson have bequeathed other methods—have worked wonders in Malaya, for one example. Where formerly the West Coast was crawling with malaria-sodden wrecks, it is now a country of healthy, happy rubber-planters, a trifle knobbly and red about the knees, perhaps, but otherwise magnificent specimens of the sahib. And this triumph over one of mankind's most malignant little female enemies has been won without a single squeak of protest from Our Dumb Friends' League, who apparently haven't got the mosquito on their list.

Nobody seems to know why. Sharks are lovingly cared for by the R.S.P.C.A., who astonished the meditative by asking a fisherman who recently vanquished a 30-foot shark, scourge of the Dorset coast, in single combat with a pocket-knife, whether he had been cruel to it. If sharks, why not mosquitos, which are equally ruthless and kill far more people? No doubt it's just the old problem of size again. As the poet has well and soundly sung:

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
The Streptococcus is the test—
I love him least of all.

Wait for It

LITTER-HOGS are certainly odious enough, but what do you say to a detachment of special constables sworn in as litter-wardens to chivvy them round? This opéra-bouffe performance will occur in due course on the South Downs, the Society of Sussex Downsmen having recently pledged itself to this end. Thus does the Internal Combustion Engine (most litter-hogs are motorists) increasingly add pleasure to our lives, and as free fights between angry hogs and furious wardens seem inevitable, first-aid stations and ambulance posts must presently dot what were not long ago the lovely high solitudes of those Downs which Mr. Belloc once called "my brothers and my repose." But that was thirty years ago, when you could walk all day over the South Downs without falling over masses of hikers and Boy Scouts and picknickers and campers and motorists and Mrs. Ague's Arboreal Aunts, and all manner of odd hairy shapes, some ludicrous and some terrifying. There is a certain sturdy type of Nature-lover which resents like billy-ho having his God-given right to defile the countryside questioned. We once saw a spinster lady pelted with orange-peel and banana-skins for protesting. It was true that she was the sort of leathery, hectoring person it is always a pleasure to buzz orange-peel at, but we felt she was fundamentally in the right, especially as the Nature-lovers, not content with defiling the Downs, had chucked half their refuse over her hedge before starting-up the car.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"*My* dear—*isn't it* sweet—*we're going to be* married—*in a* church!"

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Films of the Day

A French - and - English Success

By George Campbell

It is two years since René Clair gave us *The Ghost Goes West*; and *Break the News* is a reminder that we have been missing a lot of fun. *Break the News* is charming; not a comic masterpiece like *Sous les Toits de Paris* or *Le Million*, but a comedy with character and style, meet to be performed before congregations of intelligent people with profit to all concerned.

The story was written by Loic de Gouriadec, which has a fine Chanson de Geste ring about it, and was originally filmed in France. M. Clair has anglicised it, whether for better or worse I do not know, not having seen the original. It emerges as something between a comic thriller of a fairly familiar kind, and a satire on the modern craze for publicity, gained no matter how.

Two actors, unsuccessful and poor, decide that they must do something to attract attention. The resourceful Englishman suggests that the Frenchman should pretend to murder him, carry on suspiciously until he is arrested, and stand trial at the Old Bailey. When the case has set the world talking and their names are on every front page, and the Frenchman is sentenced to death, the Englishman will turn up in court with a jaunty intimation that the joke is over, and they will sit back and let managers queue-up with contracts.

It doesn't work out quite that way. Nobody misses the English actor. The Frenchman's air of guilt, his dramatic impersonation of a man with a tortured conscience, are put down to indigestion or alcohol. The police sit right on top of the bloodstain he has carefully displayed on the quilt. But when at last he is accused—just why, I couldn't fathom—the reactions are eminently satisfactory, except that the leading lady insists on grabbing the publicity. The Frenchman is duly convicted and sentenced to death, and his glee is considerably dampened when his announcement that the thing was done for a joke, and that his friend will now step forward, is followed by a deathly silence. His friend, as we know, has just been kidnapped on the Riviera in the belief that he is a Balkan general planning a revolt, and the film stands or falls on the Englishman's hairbreadth escapes in a comic revolution and the suspense of the poor Frenchman drawing uncomfortably near the scaffold and still protesting to everybody that it was all a joke.

Jack Buchanan, who was also producer, has one of his best roles as the Englishman, and Maurice Chevalier plays the Frenchman with a sincerity and charm that I found irresistible. June Knight is amusing as an egotistic revue star, only slightly overdrawn, Marta La Barr makes a glamorous siren, and the smaller character-parts are played without the grotesque overstatement that spoils so many British pictures.

"Housemaster" is equally well done, and should appeal, if my guess is right, to a wider public. Ian Hay's play has been skilfully adapted; Herbert Brenon, from Hollywood, has scrupulously resisted the temptation to turn a comedy of character and conflicting ideas into the farce that it easily might have become; and the actors, given a chance to behave like human beings, make the most of their opportunities. Otto Kruger gives a shrewd if not wholly English study as the middle-aged Donkin, senior housemaster at Marbledown; Phillips Holmes is admirable as a sensitive junior master, forced to divide his time between the music he loves and the chemistry he has to teach to a lot of young ruffians badly in need of the thrashing he eventually deals out; and if ever there was a better portrayal of headmasterly complacence than that of Kynaston Reeves, I have never had the fortune to see it. His performance is a gem. Diana Churchill, René Ray, and Cecil Parker are amongst others who assist.

"The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" is also about boys, but here we are in another world—the Mississippi of Mark Twain's youth, 'way back in the 1860's. The atmosphere of the time and place has been cleverly captured in David Selznick's production, and no matter how much trouble he had to find the boys who play Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, they are worth it. This is one of the rare cases where the characters of a book come to life on the screen as the reader has always imagined them. Tom's crushes on the two small girls, his clashes with his aunt's odious little favourite, culminating in a shot with an overripe tomato, beautifully photographed in Technicolor, Tom's ingenious devices for inducing other boys to do his work, the frightening visit to the graveyard by night, and the still more frightening adventures in the cave, with the lost boy and girl coming face to face with the murderous Indian—these are only a few of the incidents that give the film endless humour and, at the end, terrific suspense.

What can I say about *The Girl of the Golden West*, except that it gives Jeanette MacDonald a chance to swagger about with a gun on her hip and show the prettiest pair of tonsils on the screen, and Nelson Eddy a fine, fat role as Belasco's singing bandit? I personally didn't know which to admire more—the bandit's familiarity with the analogous case of Dante and Beatrice, or the ease with which the doll who runs the Polka saloon quotes Shakespeare and sings "Ave Maria" in Latin. What with these and other cultured passages, *The Girl of the Golden West* is a very long and very costly and very improving film indeed, and I only hope M.-G.-M. won't cheapen a beautiful memory by making another like it.

"*Housemaster*"

Ian Hay's play (now in the middle six-hundred performances) has been made into a good, unexaggerated film which the Regal is showing. Here are the headmaster (Kynaston Reeves), two of the girls who cause the trouble in Marbledown School (René Ray and Rosamund Barnes), and the housemaster himself (Otto Kruger). Herbert Brenon directed

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***The American Wightman Cup team** arrived last week, bringing the cup that the U.S. has held for seven years. They were soon out on the grass at Chiswick Park, graceful Miss Gracyn Wheeler, powerful Miss Alice Marble, America's No. 1, Miss Dorothy Bundy, Champion of Australia, and Mrs. Sarah Palfrey Fabyan, holder of the U.S. doubles championship*

***At Surbiton** last week these two pretty Dutch girls made a partnership, Miss J. Swaters, of Utrecht, and Miss I. Van der Horst, of Brussels. They fell in the first round to Miss G. M. Southwell and Miss M. F. Brace*

Howard Marshall on Sport

THERE 's no doubt about the interest in cricket this year. When the gates have to be closed at Lord's for anything but a Test Match, as they were when M.C.C. played Australia, the public is sitting up and taking notice.

These Australians are a perplexing team. It is still early for prognostication, but as far as I can see their hopes are centred in three men only—Bradman, O'Reilly, and Fleetwood-Smith.

What will happen to Australia when Bradman fails in a Test Match? He may never fail until he is an old man, but there is always the outside chance. The Australians say that if any such catastrophe occurs, McCabe will step into the breach, cutting out the fancy strokes which Bradman's phenomenal consistency allows him to indulge in.

McCabe is also a great player, with a fine record behind him, a maker of strokes to whom we bow in admiration. But he is vulnerable. He has the unpredictable temperament of the artist. He can be tempted.

If not McCabe, they say, then Badcock or Hassett or Chipperfield. Well, these are good players, but no better than several of our own youngsters.

If Bradman fails, the scales are levelled immediately. The trouble is that the little man seems to be playing as well as ever, or rather better than that, if such an extravagance is possible. He knows that he is carrying a young and relatively inexperienced side on his shoulders. He has damped down all flamboyance and adventure. His technique is dragooned within the confines of safety. No longer does he attempt strokes simply to satisfy his own sense of mastery.

He has learnt long since what limits there are to experiment. Now his strokes, still beautiful and swift, are compound of logic and common sense. He has simplified his methods, and reduced his armoury, and with it his liability to error. Bradman, beyond all doubt, is more difficult to dispose of than ever before.

WITH this fact we must reckon, but there are compensating features. The Australian attack is a little pallid. There is still O'Reilly, a great bowler, and even if Fleetwood-Smith does not maintain his accuracy, he remains a menace with his eccentric spin. These two must bear the brunt of the Australian attack, and we have batsmen, as Edrich and N. W. D. Yardley have proved, who can deal with spin competently enough.

It is after them that the Australians appear to be weak. McCormick, with both run and pace greatly curtailed, looks a very ordinary opening bowler. He may accelerate in due course, when confidence returns, but for the present he is barely fast, and certainly not in any sense alarming.

Waite is a fast-medium bowler of ability, who moves the ball both ways, but he is little more than that. He should not disturb our batsmen at all. Ward is another spinner, with slow leg-breaks and googlies, but he does not flight the ball as Grimmett did. Waite is a left-hander of the Verity school, and hardly menacing. McCabe is just a stock bowler, and there you are.

TO my mind, it looks like stalemate as far as the first four Tests are concerned, unless the weather plays pranks, and in the fifth, at the Oval, a matter of winning the toss and piling up a mammoth total. And part of the trouble will be over-prepared wickets, even at Lord's.

The docility of the Lord's wicket in the

***Adsdean,** at 17, the lowest handicapped team of the entrants for the Whitney Cup, won the event on the No. 1 ground at Hurlingham from Cowdray Park. The match was televised tand was well attended. The winning team was the Hon. M. R. Samuel, J. P. Robinson, Captain H. G. Morrison, Lord Louis Mountbatten. Result: 8½—6 (Cowdray conceded 3½)*

M.C.C. match was significant and alarming. It was a feather-bed if ever there was one, the last thing we had expected to see at headquarters. If we are to have dope and over-watering at Lord's, of all places, it will be a major tragedy, and it must be possible for the authorities to take most stringent action.

Cricket has been driven towards its ruin by these over-prepared wickets, and if headquarters set us such a poor example, we may as well throw up the sponge altogether.

IN the meanwhile, other sports are hitting the headlines. The American Wightman Cup team have arrived, and Mrs. Moody, who came over as an advance guard, has already been reminding us that she retains much of her speed and strength of stroke. With such players as Miss Alice Marble, Miss Dorothy Bundy and Mrs. Palfrey Fabyan to back her up, our own ladies have a tough proposition ahead of them.

SO have our amateur golfers, for the American Walker Cup team, who arrived last week, seem a formidable lot. Francis Ouimet, the non-playing captain, rates it the strongest team America has ever sent over here, though as we think our own team is the best we have ever had, we are not unduly frightened.

These Americans, though, are true to type, and take the game very seriously. Most of them are non-smokers and teetotallers, and Charles Kocsis's record is typical. Kocsis began his golfing career at the age of six, was a caddie for four years, and has a brother who is a professional.

The usual legendary powers are being attributed to the Americans. Johnny Fischer is said to drive 300 yards as a matter of course, though this was completely beyond his powers last time he was over here. Johnny Goodman has the reputation of never being off the fairway, though a normally windy day at St. Andrews may explode this particular myth.

When these notes appear, our American friends will be grappling with the Amateur Championship, and we shall discover more about them as they appear in action.

UNFORTUNATELY, we are not to have the chance of seeing another great man in action. As I rather expected, Tommy Farr is returning to America early next month without having a fight in this country. There is a vague possibility that he may meet Jack Doyle in August at Wembley, but that proposition is only in the talking stage at the moment.

Farr has other opponents on the horizon—Baer again, Strickland, Maxie Rosenbloom—but it is a pity we cannot see him in this country.

THE English Soccer team, by the way, gave a great exhibition against Germany in Berlin, and that was satisfactory enough, but what a pity Aston had trouble last week. Much of it seems to have been due to the Villa's failure to give the Nazi salute after winning the game. All this kind of thing makes me wish more than ever that we could retire from these European imbroglios and enjoy our own games in our own way in our own country.

Cambridge Captain: *F. M. P. Knott (Oundle and Downing) led the Cambridge lawn tennis team which met Oxford last week-end*

Oxford Captain: *M. G. Condon (Clifton and Queen's) led the Oxford lawn tennis team which went over to Cambridge*

This cup, *the "Evening Gazette" challenge bowl, will be played for at Calcot on June 24th. The competition is open to any professional playing with any lady from any British club*

The Conservative Club *won the Bath Club's cup at Sunningdale. On the first day, E. F. Storey and E. L. Clarke beat the Junior Carlton and the Sports, the latter being represented by H. R. Buckland and G. Illingworth, seen here (carrying clubs). Then E. M. Prain took Clarke's place to beat the Army and Navy in the final. It was the Conservative's fifth win*

The Army and Navy Club, *represented in the Bath Cup Tournament by Captain G. E. Hawkins and Major M. Crawley-Boevey, were the runners-up at Sunningdale, losing to the Conservative by 3 and 2. First they beat Windham in the persons of Mr. Douglas Fish and Major Keith Thorburn (right-hand couple here), then they beat Devonshire by 2 and 1 to reach the final. This club has only twice reached the final*

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The "Golf Illustrated" Gold Vase

THE *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase, which has been won by so many great golfers, was played for this year on the very good course of the Bramshot G.C., near Fleet, which proved more than a match for a large number of the competitors.

As the pipes for supplying water to the greens at Bramshot are above ground, it was considered inadvisable to make use of them owing to the continual frost, which was being experienced every night; consequently, the greens were in first-class order; they were firm but not too hard to prevent the well-struck shot from biting and stopping on them. If for some other reasons the watering appliances at Troon, St. Andrews and Royal St. George's could be put out of action for three weeks before the Amateur and Open Championships and the Walker Cup match, the better players will have more chances of beating their opposite numbers in the match-play events, and in the Open the winner will have to produce better golf than is required on soft greens. The last time the Open was played at Royal St. George's the course, owing to over-watering of the greens, played ridiculously easy.

In the competition for the *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase the conditions were certainly far from easy, not only because the greens were not over-watered, but also because there was a strong breeze dead against the players at the very long seventh hole.

C. J. ANDERSON, of the Northwood G.C., won with two steady rounds of 75, each consisting of 40+35 before lunch and 38+37 in the afternoon. He is not terrifically long, but long enough to reach all but the very longest holes in two shots; he has a very controlled compact swing and keeps on hitting the ball from the tee to positions on the course from which the next shot can be played with the greatest ease. To win against such a strong field, which included practically all the leading golfers of the London district and also A. W. Briscoe, of Castlerea, the Irish International golfer, was indeed a very fine performance.

Anderson was a very successful golfer in the south of Scotland before he came south to work in London. He won the Border Championship in 1924, and when playing for Peebles in team matches he used to play a considerable amount of golf with A. T. Kyle, who won the Border Championship in 1929 and 1930, and who, we hope, will win something more important early next month.

Anderson won the Addington Foursomes in 1934 with that very good foursome partner, Charles Whitcombe, and did quite his fair share of the work; in 1936 he got into the final of the Worplesdon Foursomes, with Miss Dorrit Wilkins as his partner, who, I am sure, would win many more matches if she could avoid being so perfectly charming to her opponents. It is sad but true that a little venom does undoubtedly help to win golf matches.

J. F. PENNINK had a bad day at Bramshot. After returning a 78 in the morning he deemed himself disqualified after lunch when he played the wrong ball at the fifth hole. There was another case in the north a short time ago of a golfer imagining that in stroke play the penalty for playing the wrong ball is disqualification. If a competitor in a stroke-play competition play a stroke or strokes with a ball other than his own he incurs a penalty of two strokes. He must then play his own ball. Pennink showed that his bad play at Bramshot was only a flash in the pan by winning the St. George's Champion Grand Challenge Cup at Sandwich on the following Saturday with the record score of 142 (70+72), on the course on which he was rather unlucky not to win the Amateur last year.

IT is rather interesting to note that during the Walker Cup trial matches at St. Andrews no fewer than seven different holes were holed in two strokes on the Old Course: they were the sixth (367 yards); the eighth (150 yards); the ninth (306 yards); the tenth (312 yards); the eleventh (164 yards); the twelfth (314 yards); and the eighteenth (364 yards).

Nowadays drives of about 400 yards are by no means uncommon. Perhaps when the ball manufacturers have "improved" the ball further and tee shots of 500 yards are common, those in authority will consider doing something to limit the power of the legal golf-ball.

IN an account of the English Championship earlier in the month I wrote that Captain W. S. Wise was the only competitor who was the holder of an Open Championship. I had forgotten that Charles Stowe had won the Midland Open Championship on that very good but little-known course at Whittington Barracks, near Lichfield.

A learned friend of mine, who has seen more golf-courses than the majority of golfers and who has played also for England at golf, considers the course at Whittington Barracks just about the best inland course in the country.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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Frank Pennink, *the English champion, won the St. George's Champion Grand Challenge Cup at Sandwich. His scores were 70 and 72, leading by two strokes from Ross Somerville, and three from L. G. Crawley*

Lord Douglas Gordon, *of the Army Golfing Society, and Captain G. A. Rusk, of the Royal and Ancient, were going to the eighteenth green at Royal St. George's. Rusk returned a score of 164*

Alec Hill *and G. H. Micklem were both playing round their home course for the Champion Grand Challenge Cup at Sandwich, and they both scored 156*

This England . . .

The Purbeck Downs above Kimmeridge (Portland Bill on the horizon)

SAY "all's well with England" and a thousand thousand voices will cry "No!" Therefore, all's well with England. For while we have that critical minority willing and able to raise its voice, jealous (as all Englishmen are) of her honour and her greatness, all's well with England. For here can be no smug complacency that leads upon decay, but the alertness and caution that have made her so formidable in other days. So it is even in our daily lives. Let a manufacturer become content, and straightway his business is in decline. Though your Worthington be greater now than at any time these last two hundred years, yet is there no ease in its brewing. Rather is the watchfulness increased, that no harm befal this very English thing.

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The Championship at Burnham

By Eleanor E. Helme

WRITING with the last eight arrived at, a feeling of bewilderment is uppermost. Within the last three days this Championship might have been described as the triumph of Ireland, the triumph of youth, and now it seems the triumph of—shall we say?—not-so-young, since Mrs. Temple Dobell won the British and American Championships in 1912, Miss Joy Winn began to compete a couple of years later, and it is twelve years since Miss Corlett was runner-up in the English Championship for the first time.

All the same, it is extraordinarily encouraging to find at last that there are young players coming along; Miss Tiernan, who may be champion by the time this is in print, and, anyway, has to her credit three scalps in Internationals, including Mrs. Holm, and Miss Pam Barton in the Championship; Miss Peggy Bullard, the Norfolk champion, and Miss Pam Browne, who should one day be the Devon one, who both took Miss Corlett to the last green—and Miss Corlett is another who may win this Championship; and the baby of the meeting, Miss Maureen Ruttle, who is only fifteen, yet beat a Welsh International, Miss Nancy Cook, and a British International, Miss Jean Hamilton, before going out to Miss Pyman. Miss Browne and Miss Ruttle can still play in the Girls' Championship—in fact, it seems as if Stoke Poges this year will be an extremely distinguished affair. At the moment, though, nobody need look beyond Burnham for thrills or delight. It is always a pleasure to set foot amongst those rolling sandhills, and just now, if the course is tanned in some places where it should be green, the sea-thorn is the most delicious soft colour, the view from the new fourth tee away over the Bristol Channel to Exmoor and Wales superb, and as for the golf—well, this is the genuine seaside variety, which sets inlanders finding excuses in lies and stances that send others rejoicing on their way. Golf in the grand manner is what must be played at Burnham, and not all the droughts in the world can spoil it. We had wind from the south at the start, making the homeward half amazingly hard work; on the second day of the Championship it blew really strongly the other way, with a good tang of salt; the third day was comparatively still, with thunderstorms rolling away inland and leaving us quite enough alarms and excursions of our own.

TAKING events chronologically, Internationals come first. Scotland's win was deserved and convincing, six to three from Wales first, then Ireland, and then from the arch-enemy, England, and a right good team they were, even if it seemed strange to see no Mrs. Watson or Miss McCulloch amongst them. Naturally, an Open champion at the head is a help in keeping others down, even if she does not win, and Miss Anderson only won from Mrs. Walker, losing to Mrs. Graham Emery, whose putting was superb, and to Miss Pam Barton, who caught her on a completely off day.

Mrs. Emery was one heroine of the Internationals, Miss Tiernan the other; because neither Miss Pam Barton nor Miss Anderson were at their best, the world said they would tune up later and meet in the final of the Championship. Prophecy has never been so entirely futile as this week.

SURPRISES began right away on the first day of the Championship, when Mrs. Emery went out to Miss Black, the Shropshire champion, who is always there or thereabouts in BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes, and all the South Africans followed her except Mrs. Stevenson, who has come with less reputation than any of these very welcome guests. The two Australians, on the other hand, Miss Cheney and Miss Hutton, who had come unheralded, made an excellent start, and the latter survived until the third round. It was hard luck on Miss Waine Winter, from South Africa, drawing Miss Minoprio, for one club is, mentally, far harder to oppose than a bagful, and Miss Winter obviously felt the strain.

One shock that first day was to see Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp a loser; the shock grew less when it transpired what excellent golf the game had produced, that Mrs. Fletcher was Miss Pat Sherlock, ex-Irish champion, and when Mrs. Fletcher went gaily along, beating, amongst others, Mrs. Peel, who startled the Championship by putting out the holder, Miss Jessie Anderson, in the second round.

Championship Finalists

Mrs. Andrew Holm (Troon) and Miss Elsie Corlett (Royal Lytham and St. Annes) met in the thirty-six-hole final of the Ladies' Championship at Burnham last Friday. Mrs. Holm won by 4 and 3

THEN came the second day, with shock upon shock, beginning with the dismissal of Miss Pam Barton by Miss Tiernan. The English player was unconvincing, though she pricked the bubble of Miss Tiernan being the longest hitter in the Championship by getting past her whenever they were both on the fairway; Miss Tiernan's chief weapons were her cool pluck and her lovely smooth putting. Then there was the defeat of Miss Phyllis Wade, by Miss Barbara Pyman, of Miss Kathleen Garnham by Mrs. Heppel; the next day of Mrs. J. B. Walker by Mrs. Booker Milburn. British Selection Committee members are growing a little whiter of hair as each round passes, and possibles, probables, and certainties are alike beaten. Who will go to America seems as uncertain as who will win this Championship. I would not bet a brass farthing on either.

Miss Clarsie Tiernan (Co. Louth) played a grand sixth round against Mrs. Holm, but was beaten 2 and 1

Miss Mervyn Barton (R. Mid-Surrey) was another of Mrs. Holm's victims, losing to her by 3 and 2 in a hard-fought semi-final

Mrs. J. E. Fletcher (Hermitage) was the other semi-finalist and also lost her match by 3 and 2, to Miss Corlett

The fifth round was the farthest any of the South African ladies got, and that was Mrs. A. O. S. Stevenson (right). The others are Mrs. J. Douglas, the S.A. champion, and Mrs. G. B. Wilkinson, captain of the team

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The Walker Cup

The American Team

Arrived: May 16

Play: St. Andrews, June 3 and 4

Johnny Goodman: *salesman from Omaha, leader of the team, American Amateur and ex-Open champion*

Francis Ouimet: *non-playing captain*

Charles Yates: *twenty-four years old, in the banking business in Atlanta*

Johnny Fischer: *Law student at Cincinnati University, longest driver in the team*

Reynolds Smith: *newspaperman from Dallas, Texas, has won twenty-five tournaments, one for each year of age*

Ray Billows: *twenty-three-year-old printer's assistant in New York, known as the Cinderella Kid*

F. T. Haas: *son of a New Orleans professional, intercollegiate champion of America*

Charles Kocsis: *of Hungarian descent, started golf at six, was a caddie for four years*

Marvin Ward: *twenty-five-year-old income-tax commission clerk in New York*

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

News from the South Seas

By Alan Thomas

ANYONE who has been to Tahiti won't need to be told what a very seductive place it is. When I was there about fifteen years ago, had I stayed any longer than I did—which wasn't long—I am pretty certain I should never have come back. The atmosphere gets under your skin, depriving you of any desire to be active: the temptation to become a beachcomber is not negligible. But the island takes different people in different ways. Mr. Cecil Lewis, for example, whose new book, *The Trumpet is Mine* (Peter Davies; 8*s.* 6*d.*), is partly a travel book and partly an attack on Western civilisation, found Tahiti a place where "day for day and hour from hour I lived a happier, fuller, richer life than any I have known." The island, to be sure, is no longer the happy paradise it was before the white man, with his religion and laws, his morals and conventions, practically wiped out the happy, carefree community he found there, "the nearest approach to a perfect society the world has ever known." All the same, even to-day the remnants of the old perfection may, it seems, still be experienced and enjoyed. How precisely Mr. Lewis enjoyed them is told—frankly enough—in this book. His insistence on the necessity of telling the truth (the whole truth, etc., etc.) seems a trifle portentous, especially in the light of the more or less innocent revelations that follow; on the other hand, his descriptions of Tahitian life, particularly of the traditional and mostly erotic dances, are the work of a master of words, a writer who can make a scene as vivid and exciting for the reader as though he were actually watching it. Mr. Lewis, in effect, has put up a plea for the simple life, a return to the simple virtues, at the same time condemning much that is evil in the so-called civilisation of Europe. It is a plea one can support without regarding his book as a work of sociological importance. Its attraction lies chiefly in the word-pictures the author gives us of a part of the world which he found not only peculiarly pleasant, but also significant in relation to its own past and to the part which the rest of the world has played in its history.

MISS G. B. STERN'S short novel, *The Ugly Dachshund* (Cassell; 6*s.*), will be very popular. It is a simple story with a wide human-canine interest. (It is also a fable, in the sense that you can read all sorts of things into it if you want to: but I enjoyed the dogs' company too much to worry about interpretations.) The dachshund of the title-rôle is not a dachshund at all, but a Great Dane. His name is Tono and he is a simple, lovable fellow, not brainy like Voltaire, the Brussels Griffon, nor flighty and cheap like Dulcibel, who belongs to a film-actress, but staunch and loyal and ready to die for his master—if only his master will give him the chance. But somehow or other the Legs—that is, the humans—never seem to take much notice of Tono, as they do of "the other dachshunds." For, you see, Tono had been brought up from puppyhood surrounded by dachshunds—Elsa, Erda, Eva and the others—and it never occurred to him that he himself was not a dachshund. Even when he saw himself in a mirror, it never struck him that he might be gazing at his own reflection. "What had been vouchsafed to him was a vision—the vision of Dog Himself, impossibly huge and improbably beautiful, revealed in one dramatic flash to comfort and reassure his sorrowful little disciple." The conversations that the dogs have among themselves and their adventures with the different Legs—Relative Legs, Master Legs, Supreme Legs, and so on—make lively and amusing reading. And Tono is a grand creation. You could give this book to an adult—or to a child—and be pretty certain that your gift would really be appreciated.

Tunbridge

The Lady Mary Pakenham

Is publishing her autobiography very soon, "Brought Up and Brought Out," in which her experiences as an art student are described among other things. Her family is full of talent—her brother, Lord Longford, writes plays and runs his own company of players; her younger brother Frank also writes, and two of her sisters have married an artist and an author

I WISH I could be more enthusiastic about Angela Thirkell's latest novel, *Pomfret Towers* (Hamish Hamilton; 7*s.* 6*d.*). Mrs. Thirkell has turned out some first-class entertainment in the way of light reading, and I had imagined her books as high up on the list for popularity. And so, no doubt, they are—with, in my case, the reservation that *Pomfret Towers* is not the best example of her work. This is the story of a week-end spent in a vast country mansion presided over by a gruff and rather ill-tempered member of the aristocracy. Among the guests are a shy young ingénue, an unprepossessing lady novelist with attendant publisher, an exasperating modern artist, a girl who could talk about nothing but dogs and horses, and, of course, among others, representatives of the hunting set. With the elders of the company there is the usual business of match-making—frustrated by the younger set, who prefer to decide such matters for themselves. And so, in spite of accidents and unexpected situations, a more or less good time was had by all. And the ending is happy. But I cannot honestly say that either the characters or the story really "got" me. So far as I was concerned, it was a long week-end.

JOSEPHINE KAMM'S new novel, *Disorderly Caravan* (Harrap; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is very light fare—not up, I am afraid, to her previous book, *All Quiet at Home*. The caravan in question is a party of holiday-makers who go on a cruise to Greece. We meet the usual type—the fussy old lady who muddles everything and everybody, the barefaced (and barelegged, barebacked, etc., etc.) flirt who is out for a good time with anything in trousers, the lady who sketches, the manager of the trip, who falls in love with one of the passengers, and so on and so on. The conversations and the situations are life-like—and nothing more. And that is the trouble. Mrs. Kamm has observed her people amusingly enough: but to report their conversations is not the same thing as bringing the characters alive or creating an interest in them for the reader. The love-story that holds the book together is conventional and unexciting: and the dénouement is visible from afar. But for those who have been on Mediterranean cruises and want to be reminded of some of the silly people they met on board, *Disorderly Caravan* may very well fill the bill.

"Bystander" Short Story No. 140

Rebel Rhythm

By John Warry

Illustration by Batt

BEFORE the revolution, I 'd lived in Federina most of my life. Father traded in olives there, and I took over the business at his death. I didn't feel too kindly disposed towards the rebels when they sent a few 'planes over one morning and put half our town in ruins. Not that I personally lost anything from the raid, but I had an affection for Federina, and didn't like to see it knocked to bits. Rienno was the port where my business was, a beautiful little place, overlooking the deep blue of the Mediterranean, with houses, pink, orange and white, rising up terrace-fashion on the hillside. I suppose it was a dirty town really. But it did not give that impression. I remember it in spring, when the blossom was out, and every lead and blade of grass intensely green, even to the lemon-trees in the grubby little walled gardens. The brightness made one forget about the dirt.

It was a spring morning like that when the air-raid came. I was with Peter Bayham at the time. Peter was the only Englishman I knew in Rienno. He ran the opera-house there. He was a revolutionary by temperament, loved everything as long as it was new; he had recently taken up with a street violinist called Barbillos, who was the composer of voluminous unpublished work. My musical taste has its limitations; it struck me at the time, however, that Barbillos may have been a fine musician, but he was a rotten composer. Peter would have me think just the opposite. Barbillos, like himself, was a revolutionary both in art and politics. Of course, they had to keep quiet about their political sympathies, because Rienno was strongly loyalist. But Peter, at any rate, enjoyed the rôle of conspirator; he found that the danger added spice to life.

On the morning of the air-raid we both sheltered in my cellar. I remember at the time his eyes were very bright. He caught me by the arm like an excited schoolboy, and said: "Rather an adventure, Jack, eh?" I told him that it was a bit too much of an adventure, and in any case I was one of those uninspiring people who prefer safety and comfort to thrills.

After the raid he was very worried about Barbillos. So we must needs hurry out to see if the fellow was safe and sound. The town was in commotion, but not panic. There had been more damage to property than loss of life. The stretcher-bearers and ambulance men were busy enough, however. Peter regarded the spectacle ruefully. "If Barbillos is dead," he announced in dramatic tones, "a great genius will be lost to the world."

But Barbillos was not dead. We found him playing his violin at a street corner, unperturbed amid all the uproar. He smiled when he saw us. Peter rushed forward and caught him by the arm: "My dear fellow! We thought you 'd been killed!"

"No, Monsieur," said Barbillos, compelled by the warmth of Peter's greeting to stop fiddling. "I narrowly escaped—by the skin of my teeth, as you say."

He began to play again, but, of course, our curiosity was roused.

"Stop it, Barbillos!" said Peter impatiently. "Nobody 's listening. The public doesn't yet know whether it 's dead or alive."

Barbillos continued playing: "I do not play for money. I play for the love of music."

He played his tune to the end, then looked up at us, and said sweetly: "My house is blown up."

Barbillos had rented a little shack on the outskirts of the town. Why anyone should wish to bomb it I could not imagine. It must have been a bad shot—for the house stood quite alone, surrounded only by an expanse of arid, red soil. Peter took us there in his car that morning. The house was blown to pieces all right. The walls stuck up jaggedly on one side like those of an ancient ruin. On the other side there was only a pile of débris, over which clouds of dust hovered in the sunshine.

"Well," said Peter, as we gazed on the wreck, "where are you going to live now?"

Barbillos shrugged: "I do not know."

"You could live with me, of course," Peter murmured, but the question of Barbillos' future had put ideas into his head. He ran and locked the car, then said we must come for a stroll to talk things over. We walked up the hillside among the vine and olive terraces. The air was clear and bright, not a cloud in the sky. Every feature in the landscape stood out like something seen through a stereoscope, and the sea was purple.

I cannot remember all the details, but Peter was scheming in effect to get Barbillos to some friends of his in England, journalists and critics who would recognise Barbillos' genius and help him to fame.

Barbillos did not take kindly to the idea at first. "What!" he exclaimed. "Shall I desert my country in her hour of need?"

But Peter pointed out how much Federina stood to gain in prestige by the genius of a great composer. Look how Sibelius had put Finland on the map! Besides, British interests were involved in the revolution, and Britain's attitude was likely to be a determining factor. If Barbillos were in England and acquired some celebrity, he would meet influential men. He could pull strings, influence British opinion.

Barbillos was at last persuaded. Peter was not rich and wanted to get him to England as cheaply as possible. It was soon arranged that he should travel steerage on a little cargo-boat leaving Rienno in a few days' time. I myself had no faith in the affair. Peter once asked me for my opinion, and I told him that if there were going to be any more air-raids, Barbillos might find the streets of London safer than the streets of Rienno, but, apart from that, I could see little to be gained by the trip.

For a short while we heard nothing of Barbillos, except in letters which he occasionally wrote to Peter. Peter's friends, the journalists and critics, were apparently much impressed, and were doing everything they could for the unknown genius. Barbillos also expressed a wish to know what was going on in Federina. There happened to be a lull in the fighting at the time Peter wrote back, and gave all the information he knew; but I expect as much could have been gleaned from a selective study of the English newspapers.

At last news from Barbillos began to be more exciting. He had given his first big public performance, and this had turned out to be highly sensational. His audience had been violently divided in opinion. Some considered him a supreme genius. To others he was a mere mountebank. After the recital—at which he played his own compositions—there had been a medley of cheers and catcalls. The protagonists of the rival factions had actually come to blows in the concert-house, many of the seats had been broken, and I think the police were ultimately called in to quell the riot.

After his first few recitals, however, Barbillos met with little opposition. His

(*Concluded on page viii*)

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unrivalled.

Eric F. T. Fowler (captain)

Golf Clubs at Home: Gloucester

Gloucester's golf club is at Brockworth, about four miles from the town on the London road, and beautifully set near the Cotswolds. The eighteen-hole course was laid out in 1910, lengthened in 1923, and during the last four years has been completely modernised by J. H. Turner, of Frilford Heath. The club-house, a typical stone Cotswold building, used to be a private house. The captain of the Club, Eric Fowler, is also treasurer of the Gloucestershire County Union, and himself plays from a handicap of two

(1) W. H. Hampton (director). (2) A. T. Voyce, the Rugby ex-International. (3) Cecil Thomson (hon. secretary). (4) Dr. E. May. (5) Lionel Sessions. (6) T. Aitken (professional). (7) Dr. H. S. K. Lowry, Dr. Arnold Alcock (ex-captain). (8) J. W. Firkins (hon. treasurer), E. C. Rogers. (9) G. F. Baker (director and committee), W. A. Woodman

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(Above)
A SUMMER TWO-PIECE in printed Art-Crêpe. Tiny bands of NET form yoke, and short sleeves of gown — also edge of Coat. Finished with Bow and Belt of Petersham. In multi-colour design on Navy, Brown or Black ground
Sizes 40 to 48
Price complete **12½** Gns.

(Right)
A SUMMER TWO-PIECE in heavy Printed Crêpe. In an attractive Spot design in Cream on Navy ground. Drawn Corsage with Navy Cord and Tassel
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Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

What to wear for Ascot is a topic which always arouses great controversy, as some people are all in favour of semi-tailored lines while others adhere to the traditional type of picture frock. This year, however, an entirely new style of dress has appeared at the mid-season collections, which should prove a great success as it is a compromise between the tailored and the picturesque. The skirt is mid-calf in length and very full with either pleats, gathers or gores, while the waist is small and in the normal place. A varied and fascinating collection of Ascot dresses may be seen at Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, including the model on the right. This is a delightful example of the true picture frock which, provided the sun is shining, never fails to look charming on Gold Cup Day. It is carried out in white organza with panels of black needle-run lace, and a demure little collar

Welcome to Summer

This delightful redingote has been entered for the Derby and is a firm favourite. It is cut on tailored lines and is made in fine navy blue lainage. The white crêpe revers is embroidered with dark blue flowers and falls into a plain panel at the waist. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, are showing it in their suits and ensembles department on the ground floor, and it costs only sixteen and a half guineas. Another charming ensemble from the same salons is in printed crêpe with golden ears of wheat on a black ground. The dress is softly draped at the waist and is worn with a sleeveless bolero faced with plain gold material

What could be more charming on a hot summer's day than the picture hat on the right from Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly? It is made in black baku straw with a shallow crown on which two swallows, one black and one pink, have alighted. The shady brim has a becoming sweep and is edged with petersham. Another model from the same firm is in the style of a Victorian bonnet with a heart-shaped brim and a spray of mixed flowers across the forehead. It is difficult to foretell the type of hat which will be worn at Ascot this year, as so much depends upon the weather, and while many people will favour a shady brim, others will prefer something small and light which will not blow off in the wind

Scott Bushe

Certain freaks of fashion in the way of hats have appeared in the mid-season collections, and it remains to be seen how much they will be worn. The most outstanding of these is a small felt coachman's hat with a curled brim. This is perched well forward over the right eye and is tied to the head with coloured ribbons. Linen sun-bonnets in bright colours are shown with summer frocks, also bandana handkerchiefs swathed round the hair and tied into a knot at one side. The latter are accompanied by detachable shady brims in coarse straw. Black balibuntal and pink ostrich tips make the hat below from Swan and Edgar. It sweeps forward into a peak and is softened with pink veiling. Another equally becoming hat of the Watteau type is trimmed with red and green veiling and a bunch of shaded roses mixed with bluebells

Scott Bushe

Prints have come into play more than ever this summer, but the designs instead of being extravagant, as they were in the early spring, are small and neat. All sorts of flowers and fruit appear against a vivid background, while green caterpillars are seen crawling over mulberry leaves. A typical example of some of the newest prints is seen in the dress above from the Younger Set Department at Harrods, Knightsbridge. It is made in printed crêpe with red and green flowers against a blue ground, and only costs four and a half guineas. The skirt is full and swinging, with loose pleats across the front. A gay touch of colour is introduced by the red leather belt

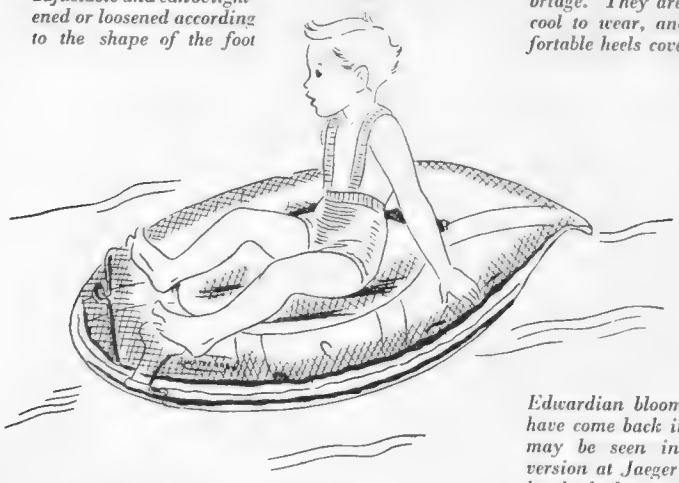
Nothing gives a woman greater confidence than a new hat, and Gorringe's, of Buckingham Palace Road, are showing a fascinating collection of summer models. A small toque to wear with a two-piece suit or tailor-made is seen in the circle on the opposite page. It is in white paper panama with a straw bird poised in flight, and black spotted veiling covering the face. For Ascot and any smart occasion, there is the huge Breton sailor in the circle at the bottom of this page. This also comes from Gorringe, and has an openwork crown which is very new and delightfully cool on a hot day. It is made in black baku and is an ideal hat to wear with the more tailored type of dress

There is a touch of the Orient about this shady beach hat for 29s. 6d. from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. It is made of coarse natural straw, embroidered with a spray of red carnations and a sprig of mimosa in coloured wool. Black velvet ribbons are threaded through the crown and can be tied either under the chin or round the back, forming a bandeau

If you wish to look really Bohemian you will choose these artist's sandals in light tan leather which suggests raw hide. They have a perfectly flat heel and cost 12s. 6d. at Lillywhites. The straps are adjustable and can be tightened or loosened according to the shape of the foot

Bright colours look their best in the sun, so be sure to buy some gay sandals to wear with your play-suit. Those sketched above are hand-made in rainbow raffia, and cost 30s. at Lillywhites, of Piccadilly Circus and Knightsbridge. They are delightfully cool to wear, and have comfortable heels covered in linen

Those who propose to bathe during their summer holiday should invest in a three-piece swim-suit from Jaeger's, 204, Regent Street. The one on the left is knitted in gay candy stripes and is of pure wool. It costs 35s. 9d., and is available in several attractive colour-schemes. The skirt, which ties round the waist, may also be worn as a cape



Any child would revel in this rubber air-boat from the Lillywhite Lido at Knightsbridge. It costs 30s. and is an ideal toy for the seaside. If desired, a rope may be attached to the life-line and anchored to a rock or breakwater, making it absolutely safe for any child, however small

Edwardian bloomers for bathing have come back into fashion and may be seen in a modernised version at Jaeger's. Those worn by the bather on the right are in pure wool, spotted in red and white. They are charming on a youthful figure and cost 21s. 9d.

'Celanese' says— The cape bolero, the slim-line of the gown, harlequin patterned with diagonal stripes, are high fashion points in this Afternoon Frock in 'Celanese' Etamin.

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The Glasgow R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve, flying over the Empire Exhibition. The Squadron is equipped with Hawker "Hart" day bombers, from one of which this photograph was taken

The Air in Brief

By Charles Ward

POLITICAL changes at the Air Ministry being inevitable, no better choice of a leader can be imagined than Sir Kingsley Wood. He was at the head of the Post Office when the all-air-mail scheme for the Empire was planned. Imperial Airways owe a great deal to his courage in accepting the scheme and in carrying the Cabinet with him. Without the incentive provided by a guaranteed load, there would have been no "Empire" flying-boats and no appreciable acceleration on our long-distance routes to-day. Sir Kingsley Wood's appointment as Air Minister is also notable because he has a reputation for sound business sense, a quality often lacking in a Cabinet Minister, and one that is needed especially during the period of rearmament.

CAPTAIN HAROLD BALFOUR is well known in flying circles. He was a pilot in the R.F.C. and took part in many actions on the Western Front. Since the Armistice, he has maintained his interest in flying, not only as an active pilot but in business and the House of Commons. He became a director of Whitehall Securities at the time that the Cowdray bank became associated with aviation. He supported Spartans and Saunders Roe, afterwards becoming identified with British Airways, the second transport company to be backed by the Government to show our air flag abroad. Although he will cease to be associated with these companies, his experience as a director of commercial enterprises that fly is of particular value in the new post of Under-Secretary of State for Air.

AN opinion freely expressed at the Royal Aeronautical Society's Garden Party was the slow progress of rotating-wing aircraft towards their goal. If private flying and short-distance operations in the air are to become both cheap and safe for the average individual, some form of aircraft that can take off and land safely in a restricted space is necessary. The "Autogiro" and others of its type have shown promise in this direction, but until production is sufficient to reduce the first cost, no general application of their principle can be expected. Direct ascent and descent are of value for purposes of defence, provided that a fair turn of speed on the level can be offered. A retractile chassis is indicated to secure this result.

THIS is a travel number, and therefore news of cheaper flights to Paris is of interest. Imperials offer an attractive return ticket to the French seat of learning at six guineas, leaving Croydon on Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday, returning on Wednesday, Thursday or Friday. "Hannibal" and her sisters still dispense comfort in the form of good food, cold drinks, freedom from noise and jolts. Quite soon now, the "Ensigns" and an "Albatross" will be tried out, a preliminary towards stepping-up the speed of Paris travel one hundred per cent.

COMING events include the Manx Air Races, from June 4th to 6th, an annual party being organised by Captain Rex Stocken. They are always worth attending, either as a competitor or spectator, the Island being noted for its hospitality and capacity for enjoyment. Empire Air Day draws near: Saturday, May 28th. Almost every aerodrome will be staging a show, so there is no excuse for omitting a visit to ascertain what aviation is doing for the country. Arm-chair critics will be surprised at the progress made by the R.A.F. during the past year. All proceeds go to Service Charities, and the cost of admission is so small that everyone has a chance to watch the local air display.

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Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

NEXT Saturday we have Shelsley Walsh again. This year the Spring Climb, anyhow, will not be broadcast, for the B.B.C. never so much as flinched when looking down the barrel of the revolver so smartly levelled at them by Leslie Wilson, though his arm may have begun to ache by the time the September Climb comes around.

At the time of writing, the entries for next Saturday's event are not available in full, but already it has been announced that there will be several newcomers to the hill who are world-famous in other types of motor-racing.

" B. Bira," with his E.R.A., will make his first appearance as a competitor, and undoubtedly will be well in the running for the record. Another newcomer will be Miss Amy Johnson, who will be competing in her first international hill climb at the wheel of an " S.S."

Raymond Mays' E.R.A. entry is one of the new 1938 Grand Prix Formula cars, and this will be its first appearance in public. Mays considers that he has every chance of lowering the present record if the hill is dry on Saturday.

Earl Howe is returning to the fray in a 1500 c.c. E.R.A., and as he is now driving better than ever, he will be a great attraction. Another E.R.A. to watch will be that of Arthur Dobson, one of the most consistently fast and successful of British drivers. Dobson's car is also to be handled by Miss D. Stanley-Turner in the ladies' and other events. I believe I am right in saying that this will be the first time that an E.R.A. has been driven at Shelsley Walsh by a woman, and it would appear that Miss Stanley-Turner should have an excellent chance of lowering the women's record.

A. F. P. Fane, who set up the existing record for the hill in 38·77 seconds last autumn, has entered both his Frazer-Nash and the Frazer-Nash-B.M.W., and does not mean to relinquish his record without a grim fight, so we are entitled to go there expecting to see some fireworks!

C. J. P. Dodson, winner of the B.R.D.C. British Empire Trophy race at Donington last month, will be driving the same O.H.C. Austin, suitably modified for Shelsley, while a similar car will be driven by H. L. Hadley, who put up such meteoric climbs last spring.

Mrs. Kay Petre, holder of the ladies' record in 43·78 seconds, will be defending her title on the side-valve Austin " Seven," and there is a possibility that Charles Goodacre may return to racing for the day to handle a third O.H.C. Austin.

R. E. Ansell, who finished third in the J.C.C. International Trophy Race, and I. F. Connell are other likely starters on E.R.A. cars.

As usual, a number of new and bizarre Shelsley specials will appear, and (also as usual) they will doubtless astonish everyone—not excluding their drivers!—by the good times they will clock.

Additional interest attaches to this year's event by the inclusion of a new class entirely devoted to pre-war racing cars. These sturdy diehards will compete for the Challenge Trophy presented by Mr. Forrest Lycett, president of the Vintage Sports Car Club.

Many of these old monsters are still capable of very high speeds, and are the actual cars which made history in Continental races before the war in the hands of the pioneer racing drivers of France, Germany and Italy.

MORE than once in these pages I have written nice things about the products of the Rover Company. Of all the Rover cars I have ever driven, however, none has pleased me more completely than the " Twenty " sports saloon which I tested just recently. This car is distinguished by all the dignity and refinement which characterise the smaller Rovers as well but, added to this, with the more powerful engine has a really thrilling turn of speed.

As a typical Rover should be, this car is so quiet and sweet-running that its dashing performance becomes deceptively refined, so that until the speedometer is checked against a stop-watch one may be pardoned a complimentary incredulity at the performance figures recorded. Thus acceleration from 10 m.p.h. to 30 m.p.h. in top gear can be accomplished in eleven seconds, while acceleration through the gears from rest—notably assisted by a useful 50 m.p.h. in third—returns 0 to 60 m.p.h. in a shade over seventeen seconds. The maximum speed of this comfortably-bodied model is over 80 m.p.h., while petrol consumption is never less than 20 m.p.g.

The steering is nicely balanced between lightness and reasonably high gearing, with the result that one may drive long distances either at speed or in traffic with the minimum of fatigue.

Rated at 19·82 h.p., the car has an annual tax of £15 and sells at the remarkably low figure of £425.

SO many conflicting reports of the likelihood of Nuvolari driving in this year's Indianapolis " 500 " are appearing in the motoring papers that I have made it my business to find out definitely what the position is, with the result that I can tell you emphatically that the Italian wizard will *not* take part in this year's race, as he does not feel sufficiently recovered from the effects of the burns he sustained in a crash in practice for a race in Italy not long ago.

To Tax-saddened Motorists

Motorists now have to pay on an average from £2 to £3 a year more on petrol tax. Those who change over to the new Shell Lubricating Oil, however, can largely offset this extra expense. Its use is not merely the best safeguard against wear, but is a proved economy. Mr. John Prioleau, writing in the " Spectator " for March 11th, described how he gets 50% more mileage with the new Shell Oil. Others have shown how it offers the least possible resistance to an engine, thus saving petrol. As an example, the Hon. Maynard Greville, Motor Correspondent of " Country Life," discovered that the effort required to start up his electric lighting plant was least with the new Shell Oil, proving the extra slipperiness which its exclusive oily compound provides. Ask your garage to drain your sump, flush it out and refill it with the correct grade of New Shell Oil for Summer use.

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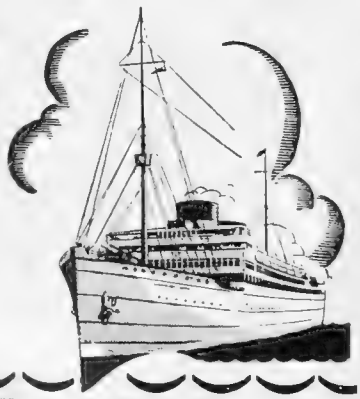

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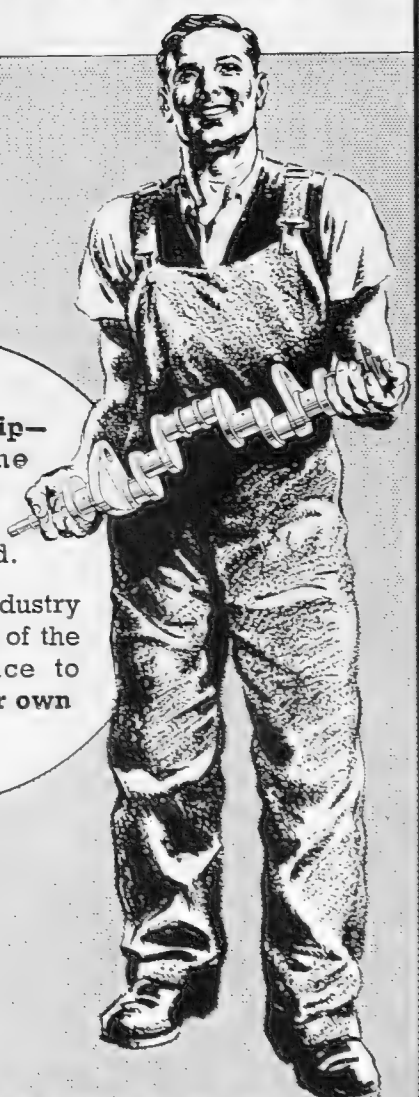

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Rebel Rhythm *(Continued from page 325)*

music was modern, to say the least of it. It consisted mainly of long staccato passages, which sounded very much like the beating of an African tom-tom. One could hardly believe that the sound was produced by a violin. He always composed for the violin. Sometimes it was a concerto, sometimes a sonata, and many pieces were written simply for the solo instrument; but all were very elaborate, with much discordant double-stopping. As a composer, he worked at an incredible speed, and he often played a piece in front of the microphone, before it had been published—or, indeed, if it were short, before he had even set it down in manuscript. He was regarded as eccentric, but men of genius are often eccentric, and his queer ways tended to increase rather than diminish his fame.

All the English newspapers were full of him. Even the papers in Federina spared him a paragraph now and then, which was surprising considering the all-engrossing claims of politics at the time. Barbillos himself had apparently not forgotten his revolutionary principles. He had come into contact with celebrities, as Peter had prophesied; he earnestly discussed politics with them, and did all he could to enlist their support for the revolution.

Peter, of course, was delighted at the success of his protégé. I went round to Peter's house one evening to hear the news on the wireless. My set happened to be out of order. But he had managed to get Daventry; Barbillos was giving a recital, and although the political crisis was acute, I was not allowed to hear the news, but was compelled to listen to Barbillos scraping away on his violin. The oscillation was terrible, and at times I could hardly distinguish it from the music. When the recital was finished, I complained bitterly, but Peter assured me that Barbillos was the greatest genius that ever lived, and that I did not know how lucky I was to have heard him play. He also told me that a new school of composers had sprung up who acknowledged Barbillos as their leader. They called themselves the "Neo-Simians," and made a special point of Barbillos' staccato treatment, which they declared was an attempt to reproduce the rhythmic impulses of our animal nature.

A book was soon published, dealing with "Neo-Simianism." Peter knew the author and had a free copy sent him. A magazine then came out. It was called *The Neo-Simian*, and was full of photographs of Barbillos. Peter became terribly enthusiastic. He wanted to be on the scene of the controversy. The opera-house in Rienno had never paid him, and now it was a dead loss. Peter abandoned it and went to England to edit *The Neo-Simian*. He also gave several lectures, explaining the objects of the movement. One lecture, I remember, was entitled "The Tone-Consciousness of Gorillas," and another, "Were the Greeks Neo-Simians?"

Meanwhile, there were more air-raids in Rienno. The revolution had pretty well ruined my business. Luckily, I was not entirely dependent on it, and I soon followed Peter to England. The first thing that caught my eye on a bookstall at Folkestone was a large new book entitled *Neo-Simianism: Music or Philosophy?* I soon found that "Neo-Simianism" not only claimed to be a philosophy, but was also represented by a minor political party. At least, it had its own coloured shirt. The height of its triumph was the occasion when Barbillos dined with a Cabinet Minister.

All this was very hard to explain. One could only remark that the present generation, like the men of Athens in St. Paul's day, "spent their time in nothing else but either to tell, or to hear some new thing"; and, indeed, Barbillos' music was the newest thing I'd ever known.

But "Neo-Simianism" died a sudden death. The revolution in Federina ended abruptly with the triumph of the rebels. Barbillos returned to his native country a rich man. A year after that, the "Neo-Simian" magazine was no longer published, and all books on "Neo-Simianism" were out of print. This, perhaps, was not surprising.

But I first sensed something queer when I met Peter Bayham in London one day. I enquired after Barbillos. Instead of rhapsodising in his old way, he immediately changed the subject. Then in a hotel lounge, I ran into a critic who had been an ardent supporter of "Neo-Simianism." I mentioned the name of Barbillos. The fellow rose to his feet, purple in the face. "Are you trying to insult me, sir?" he exploded, and before I could protest my innocence, he had walked out of the room.

I was very much mystified. At first I thought Barbillos must have disgraced himself in some way. But then I heard that the Government of Federina had just conferred on him lavish honours. Determined to get at the bottom of the matter, I visited a friend of mine, who happened to hold a high position in the Foreign Office. Like myself, he had been sceptical of "Neo-Simianism."

"What's all this business about Barbillos?" I asked him.

"Why," he laughed, "simply that the man was a spy. They've kept it out of the newspapers, of course. But everyone knows. He just picked the brains of our leading men and broadcast the results on the wireless."

"Broadcast the results on the wireless?" I gasped. "How could he? Besides, what about the 'Neo-Simians'? What about his famous staccato passages?"

"Staccato passages be hanged!" grunted my friend. "It was Morse code. He returned to Federina just before we found out what had been happening." [THE END.

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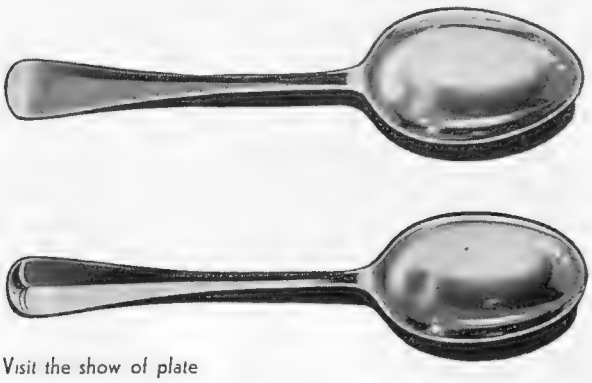

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Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Pearl Freeman

Iris Kathleen Jacomb

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Jacomb, of Eastbury Manor, Hallow, Worcs., her fiancé is Robert Miles MacNish Porter, only son of the late R. G. Porter and Mrs. Porter, of 6Y, Bickenhall Mansions, W.1. The wedding will be at Hallow on July 2nd

Catherine Bell

Ann Marian Mocatta

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Owen Mocatta, of 31, Great Cumberland Place, W.1, and is to marry Paul Philippson, only son of M. and Mme. Maurice Philippson, of 57, Rue d'Arlon, Brussels

Hay Wrightson

Jean Menzies

Is the daughter of Sir Frederick and Lady Menzies, of 29, Egerton Gardens, S.W., and she is to marry Bernard Petre, son of Mr. Reginald B. Petre and Mrs. Petre, of 35, Edwardes Square, W.8

Catherine Bell

Daphne Colegrave

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Colegrave, of 28, Hyde Park Street, W.2; her fiancé is Alexander St. George Carey, The King's Regiment, younger son of the late H. P. St. George Carey and Mrs. Carey, of 21, Robert Adam St., W.1

Lenare

Dorothy Maud Fox

Is the elder daughter of the late Owen Gurney Fox and Mrs. Fox, of St. Mark's Court, Abercorn Place, N.W.; she is to marry on June 16th Basil Bacon, son of the late Lieut.-Col. F. J. Bacon and Mrs. Bacon, of Ellerslie House, Fareham, Hants.

Lenare

Pamela Kay

Is the daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. C. W. Kay, of Bellevue House, Lymington, Hants.; she is engaged to Lieut. George Ralph Clay, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Clay, of 6, Victoria Square, Newcastle

Pearl Freeman

Pamela Katharine Jonas

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Jonas, of Avonside, Fordingbridge, Hants., and is engaged to Lieut. John Dennis Greene, elder son of the late Judge J. A. Greene and Mrs. Greene, of Woodcroft, Hunstanton, Norfolk

Cannons of Hollywood

Marian Wikeley

The daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. M. Wikeley, of Ravensdale, Ballaugh, Isle of Man, is going to marry in Singapore in June, Peter John Dudley Johnson, Royal Artillery, son of Maj.-Gen. D. G. Johnson, V.C., and Mrs. Johnson, of Abbey House, Colchester

Don — Wilson

Patrick Alexander Campbell Don, Royal Artillery, son of Major and Mrs. J. A. Don, of Cray, Glenshee, Perthshire, and Elizabeth Helen Wilson, daughter of the late Gerald Wilson, and the Hon. Mrs. Wilson, of Axmens Ford, Basingstoke, were married at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street

Tyler — Bryant

Lieut. Henry Pasley Tyler, R.N., son of the late Major A. H. Tyler and Mrs. Tyler, of St. Martin's, Westgate, and Haroldine Bryant, daughter of the late Harold Bryant and Mrs. Bryant, of Coton Manor, Guilsborough, Northants, were married at St. Denys's, Ravensthorpe, Northamptonshire

Hope — Marlow

James Hope, Royal Artillery, and Diana Marlow were married at Bearswood Parish Church. His parents are Lieut.-Colonel J. W. Hope, and Mrs. T. Kirkland, of 64, Seymour Street, W.1; her parents are Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Marlow, late of Trinidad, now of Bobs Lodge, Bearswood, Reading

Daniels — Holch

John Nicholson Daniels, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Daniels, of Holly Wood, Tendring, Sussex, and Helga Eleanor Holch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Holch, of 4, Rosary Gardens, S.W.7, and Forest Hills, New York, were married at St. Clement Dane's, Strand

A CORRECTION

Owing to a photographer's error, the wrong picture was published (May 11th issue) over the announcement of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Davie (right). Mrs. Davie was Betty Muriel Henderson

Llewelyn — Pantlin

Desmond Wilkinson Llewelyn and Pamela Mary Pantlin were married at Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road. He is the son of the late Ivor Llewelyn, and Mrs. Llewelyn, of Sandymount, Southerndown, Glamorgan, and her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pantlin, of Portland Court, W.1, and Marley House, Battle, Sussex

Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Davie

Turner — Stopford

S. T. C. Turner, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Turner, of Forde Abbey Farm, Chard, and Yolande Valerie Stopford, daughter of the late Major the Hon. E. B. Stopford and Mrs. Stopford, of Hillgrove Farm, Cookham Dean, Berks, were married at Cookham Parish Church

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

May 25—May 31

First Night and Matinèe dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AMPHITRYON 38.—Giradoux's comedy played by the Lunts is fare for epicures: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—A powerful and topical play about individuals who get caught in the war machine; Raymond Massey, Tamara Geva, with excellent support: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE INSECT PLAY.—Capek's charming satire on human weaknesses revives with the same cast as two years ago: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE ISLAND.—Officers under fire from wives' tongues find it a strain to be always gentlemen; excellent background for a strong man by Godfrey Tearle; and other good portrayals: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.—Immaculate throughout, this production has Gielgud as Shylock, Quartermaine as the Merchant, Peggy Ashcroft as Portia, superb décor by Motley: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PEOPLE OF OUR CLASS.—St. John Ervine's play about modern youth and marriage has ideas but not new ones; Nicholas Hannen, Athene Seyler, Mary Jerrold, Ursula Jeans: New, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

POISON PEN.—Margaret Yarde and Walter Fitzgerald have good parts in this semi-psychological play of village life: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

POWER AND GLORY.—Oscar Homolka doubles parts effectively in a play about war whose theme is more powerful than the plot: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Fri., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers v. married happiness, by St. John Ervine: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Representative Shakespeare programme throughout the summer at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOSS OF A COIN.—Marion Lorne just as good as ever, in a plot and setting not up to Hackett standard: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL.—Anmer Hall's presentation of Shaw has Gillian Scaife, Stanley Lathbury, Lydia Sherwood, Alexis France, and John Wise; produced by Michael McOwan: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE ZEAL OF THY HOUSE.—Dorothy Sayers' play is in verse, and has a mediæval moral theme: Garrick, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

ENGADINE EXPRESS.—The new ice show is more elaborate and more connected than the last: Coliseum, 2.15 and 8.30.

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson and his faithful Gaiety company are above their own high standard in this riotous musical: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HAPPY RETURNS.—Beatrice Lillie and Flanagan and Allen head the bill for Cochran's newest musical: Adelphi, 8.30. Sat., 2 30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Herbert Farjeon's intimate revue is witty and 85 per cent. bull's-eye hits, and the cast is headed by Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

OPERETTE.—Noel Coward's newest has good music, lovely scenery, brilliant acting by Peggy Wood, Fritzi Massary, Irene Vanbrugh and Griffith Jones, but not such a hot plot: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PELISSIER'S FOLLIES OF 1938.—A strong cast in a modern revival of the famous potpourri of burlesque, glamour and dance: Saville, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 105.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

WILD OATS.—Douglas Furber's newest is about how Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe and Vera Pearce win some money from a pool; unpretentious and very funny: Princes, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

BANANA RIDGE.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Rex Harrison and Gertrude Musgrove in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noel Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy has Patrick Curwan, J. H. Roberts, John Ford: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Clemson and Valerie

Are the dance host and hostess at the Palace Hotel, Torquay, and have invented the Muster, a British reply to the Big Apple. The dance will be introduced at the Muster Ball, Hyde Park Hotel, Tuesday, 31st May

I KILLED THE COUNT.—A new mixture of thriller and love-story, with a large, good cast: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MONEY TALKS.—Seymour Hicks in one part with a variety of roles leads the cast by a long way in an ingenuous comedy: Lyceum, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

PLAN FOR A HOSTESS.—Yvonne Arnaud is the hostess with Ronald Squire as husband and Jacqueline Squire as daughter; pretty wit and slick twisting plot: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

First Nights

SERENA BLANDISH.—Norman Marshall presents S. N. Behrman's comedy with Vivien Leigh, Jeanne de Casalis, Eric Portman, Esmé Percy: Gate, to-night, 25th.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—Jessica Tandy, Herbert Lomas and Reginald Tate are in Michael McOwan's new play: Duchess, Thurs., 26th.

THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.—This opera starts the season at the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, Sat., 28th.

CINEMAS

THE BARONESS AND THE BUTLER (American).—Annabella's first Hollywood picture is with William Powell: Regal.

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE (American).—Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert—what a team!—in a high-life romance: Carlton.

BREAK THE NEWS (American).—Jack Buchanan, Maurice Chevalier, June Knight are the stars; René Clair the director; Cole Porter the composer: Leicester Square.

BRINGING UP BABY (American).—Katharine Hepburn as a socialite empty-head and Cary Grant as a professor; also tigers and prehistoric bones in a capital comedy: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE CHALLENGE (British).—The rivalry in conquering the Matterhorn is the theme of this stirring scenic drama, with Luis Trenker, Robert Douglas, Mary Clare, Joan Gardner: London Pavilion.

CONVICT 99 (British).—Will Hay's newest farce puts him in the law's grip, with Graham Moffat and Googie Withers: Tivoli.

L'EQUIPAGE (French).—Annabella and Jean Murat in this revival are supported by *Aren't Men Beasts* with Hare and Drayton: Studio One.

EXTASE (Czechoslovakian).—The only copy of this remarkable film in existence, a slow but striking exposition of the birth, life and death of a passion: Rialto.

J'ACCUSE (French).—Not a genteel film, featuring war-injured, but a strong indictment against war and its makers: Curzon.

THE MIRROR (Austrian).—Paula Wessely, Attila Hörbiger, Peter Petersen in a strong, simple story of the medical world: Berkeley.

LE ROI S'AMUSE (French).—A piquant satire on monarchy and love and other things, with Victor Francen, Gaby Morlay, Elvire Popesco, Raimu: Academy.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (American).—Disney's full-length cartoon is packed with good things, as the saying is: New Gallery.

STOLEN HEAVEN (American).—Olympne Bradner, Gene Raymond, in a bogus blossoming beer garden in Central Europe: Plaza.

TOM SAWYER (American).—Tommy Kelly takes the name-part in the film of Mark Twain's novel: Odeon.

WHO GOES NEXT? (British).—A film about British war-prisoners in Germany (from the play), with Barry Barnes, Sophie Stewart, Jack Hawkins: Gaumont.

OPERA and BALLET

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Three Mozart operas and a Verdi and Donizetti alternate in the lovely setting of a rural opera house (see dailies for times and train departures).

THE D'OYLY CARTE COMPANY.—A seven weeks' season of Gilbert and Sullivan operettas opens at the Scala on Mon., 30th.

BALLETS JOOSS.—*The Green Table* and eight other ballets form the programme: Old Vic., 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

AGNES DE MILLE.—A solo dance and mime recital at the Fortune, Thurs., 26th.

SOCIAL and SPORTING

AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.—Troon, till Sat., 28th.

CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW.—Royal Chelsea Hospital Gardens, to-day, 25th, to Fri., 27th.

THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT.—Olympia, 2.30 and 8.

THE RIVIERA BALL.—In aid of the Queen Victoria Memorial Hospital: the Dorchester, to-night, 25th.

QUEEN MARY'S BIRTHDAY BALL.—In aid of the Royal Eye Hospital, Southwark: Grosvenor House, Thurs., 26th.

CALEDONIAN BALL.—Grosvenor House, Fri., 27th.

EMPIRE AIR DAY.—Aerodromes open to the public, Sat., 28th.

DERBY BALL.—In aid of the Royal Northern Hospital: Grosvenor House, Mon., 30th.

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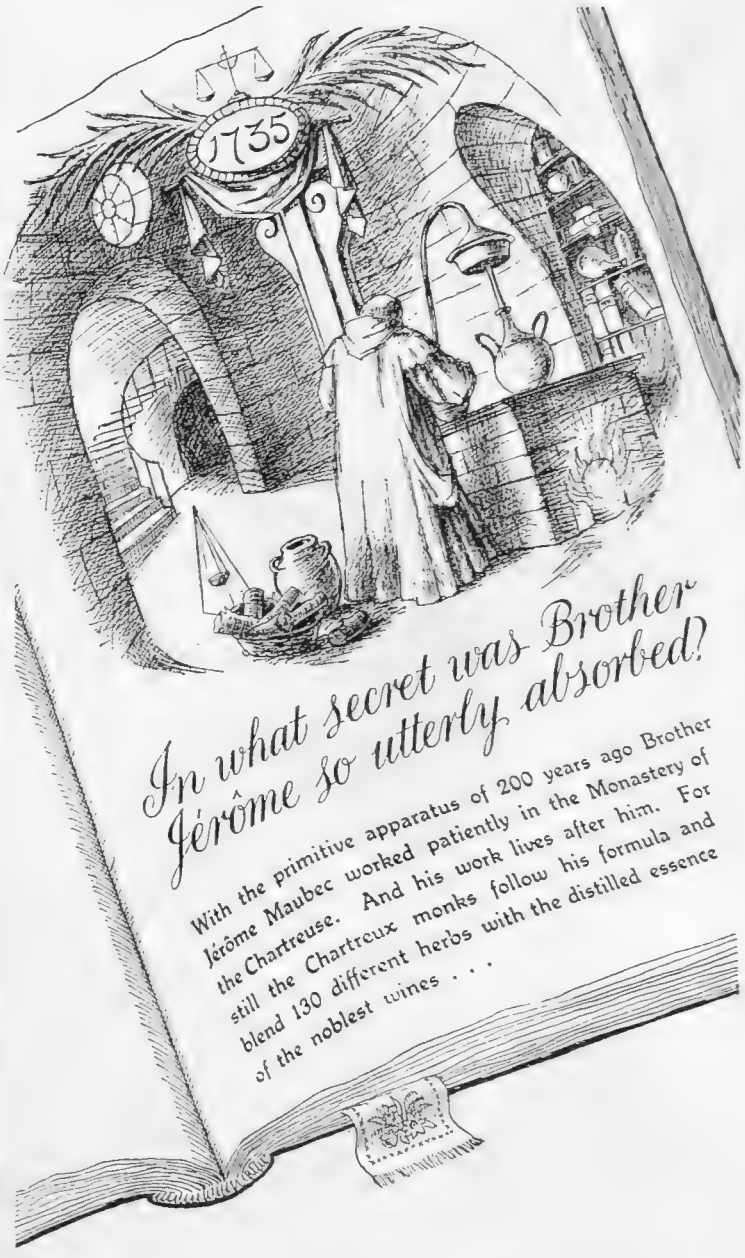

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• *Cruising*

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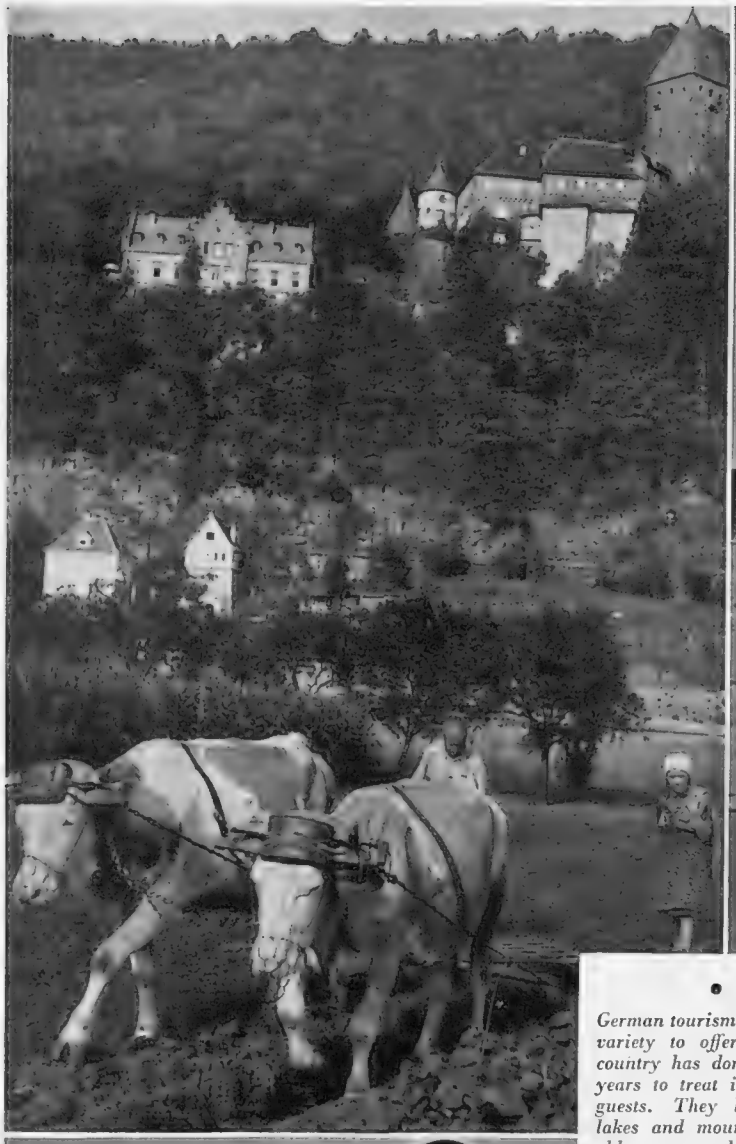
TRAVEL SECTION



• *Germany*

German tourism has anyway an amazing variety to offer the traveller, and no country has done more in the last few years to treat its tourists like welcome guests. They know their rivers and lakes and mountains and forests, old, old towns and little unspoilt villages are inexhaustibly beautiful and various, and they make it extraordinarily simple, comfortable and inexpensive for visitors to discover this for themselves. And for motorists there are those tremendous roads . . . .

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Amsterdam: a summer vista of a typically serene tree-shaded canal

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Belgium, too, fulfils all the expectations of a Continental holiday. From the wonderful sandy beaches of the coast to the mountains and forests of the Ardennes lies a country rich in natural beauty and historic associations. The towns of Bruges, Brussels, Ghent and Antwerp are centres of culture famed for their architectural loveliness and their numerous picture-galleries and museums.

The bigger coastal towns (Ostend, Blankenberghe, Knocke, Middelkerke) all have casinos, and, above all, mile upon mile of wide, golden sand.

The Ardennes contain the most lovely scenery in Belgium. Unlike the rest of the country, the landscape is broken with hills and forests and the valleys of a number of rivers that flow through them.

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(Continued on page J)

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Blankenberghe, one of the resorts on the Belgian coast to which visitors travel, after their sea-crossing, by the Belgian Railways and Marine which includes an intricate and rapid long-distance tram service

Italy has always been a passion with English travellers, and the easier political situation has already released a torrent of tourists from here to there—especially of honeymoon couples. The considerable reductions on railway tickets will enable many people to see more of this wonderful country than ever before; Como, Maggiore, Venice, Florence, Rome, Capri, Sicily, can all be experienced with a comparatively small outlay in travelling expenses. The lakes are among the loveliest in the world, and bathing in their warm waters is one of the greatest joys.

In so short a space, one can only refer to the attractions of Italy—its architectural and artistic glories and the beauty of its coastline. The fashionable Lido and the Adriatic coast and the smallest villages and coast resorts are all blessed with the warm, soft climate and the country is rich in its vegetation. The offices of E.N.I.T. in Piccadilly will provide any information and publish a most informative monthly programme of events.

The recent enormous popularity of the cruise as a complete holiday has produced a most varied selection in cost and range. The great liners of the P. and O. Company will take you to Rome, Venice, Naples, Athens, Istanbul, Helsingfors, Iceland — you can play your deck tennis, laze, eat and sleep in the Mediterranean or the Baltic. And when you are not visiting famous places, you have the experience of life on a big liner, an existence quite different from any other with its varied amusements. These big P. and O. liners have every comfort of a luxury hotel—fine restaurants, ball-rooms, swimming-pools, even libraries. Besides the well-known ports of call, a number of smaller, lesser-known ones are included, and so one finds intriguing names such as Varna, Yalta, Candia, Durazzo and, in the North, Reykjavik, Travemünde, and Pillau, to add yet another reason for cruising this year.

(*Continued on page* L)

HOLLAND

and the ISLE OF WALCHEREN

The land of canals and windmills, quaint costumes, picturesque old-world towns, famous cities, seaside resorts and enchanting scenery.

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VIA HARWICH

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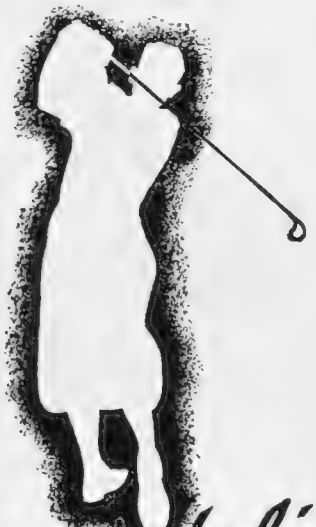

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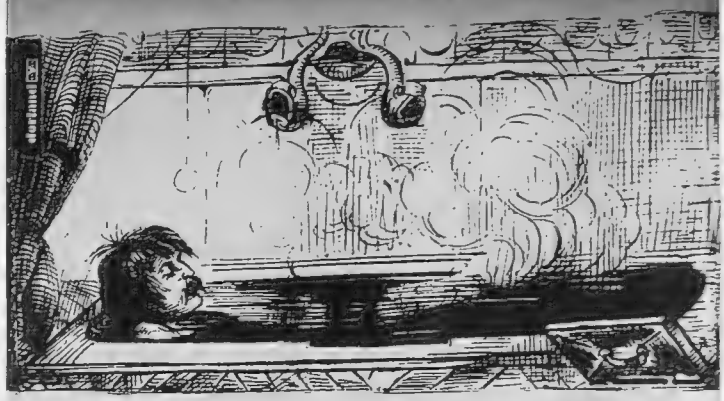


MARK TWAIN

has assuredly given you many an hour's amusement. Like an old acquaintance he has become so familiar that you gladly defer to his judgement. Listen, then, to what he has to say about Baden-Baden in his classic "A Tramp Abroad" published in London in 1881: —

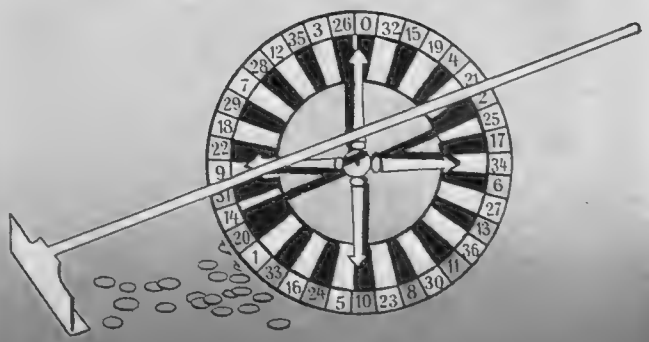
"The baths are good. I spoke with many people, and they were all agreed in that. I had twinges of rheumatism unceasingly during three years, but the last one departed after a fortnight's bathing there, and I have never had one since. I fully believe I left my rheumatism in Baden-Baden. Baden-Baden is welcome to it. It was little, but it was all I had to give."

Cure while you play in

BADEN-BADEN

BLACK FOREST

Fashionable social life all the year round.
Golf, tennis, riding and every other type of sport.
CASINO: Roulette, Baccara, Klondyke.



Full information from all Travel-Agencies, from the German Railways Information Bureau, London SW 1, 19, Regent Street or direct from the "Bäder- und Kurverwaltung" Baden-Baden.

Special brochure "England in Baden-Baden", free of charge.

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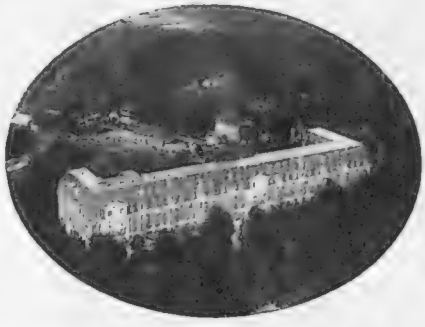

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"BYSTANDER" SUMMER TRAVEL SECTION

Deauville—how the place is liable to look at the summer season's peak

Le Touquet—the towered and umbrella-ed sea-water swimming-pool

Le Touquet and Deauville: Deauville and Le Touquet—the two words would make a nice new version of "Oranges and Lemons" for English week-enders.

Do French people mind Le Touquet being called an English colony? No, because at Deauville they reassert themselves, and the atmosphere is utterly French, even in the height of the season, when English visitors and yachts and cars are everywhere. Deauville, after all, is only two hours from Paris by the Bugatti auto-rail and forty-five minutes by air. (It is only an hour by air from London.) The really fashionable time there is from early July, when the big race-course season opens, and also the pigeon-shooting meetings, and everyone is infinitely smart and sophisticated. Earlier than July there are good reasons for going—golf and tennis and swimming, and lovely Normandy country to motor in, and heavenly little restaurants to dine in on warm June evenings. For gastronomes, Deauville is one of *the* places, and many Paris restaurants run summer establishments there.

Le Touquet's star turn is undoubtedly its golf, but there is equally its casino, about which there are already innumerable legends of great gambling and socially piquant anecdotes. The swimming-pool and the outdoor bars and restaurants have been so much photographed for English weeklies that a first visit to them gives almost a shock of familiarity. But photographs don't convey the clear, bracing air, the amusing, gay atmosphere, the surrounding pine-forests, where there is marvellous riding. The journey is absurdly easy nowadays—four hours by train and boat, and one hour by air.

(Concluded on page N)

Canadian landscape—the Jasper National Park, Alberta

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Golden sands and Golden hours of summer delights.

International Biennial Art Exhibition. International Cinema Art Exhibition. International Music Festival. Tennis and Golf Tournaments. Municipal Casino.

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CVS—37

"BYSTANDER" SUMMER TRAVEL SECTION

Baden-Baden

The Casino at Vittel

The Plage at Evian

It has often been remarked that the man who orders a bottle of Vichy water at the Ritz (anywhere in the world) commands more respect than one who orders the finest vintage champagne. This proves his audacity, and also his good sense.

Vichy lies a little more than half-way between Boulogne and the Riviera. The daily output of its State springs exceeds 750,000 litres. Its thermal establishments provide complete treatments all the year, although the official season is from mid-April until mid-October.

Of its other numerous attractions, first, perhaps, is its Grand Casino, with gaming-rooms, a magnificent theatre and a famous and fashionable restaurant. Sportsmen may fill their days with golf, tennis, swimming, racing, and for spectator-sportsmen, the number of really interesting events is almost distracting.

Bad-Nauheim

Baden-Baden is the classic among Continental spas for English people, the place it has been fashionable to go for a cure for a hundred years or more. And still is, because Baden has added to its natural loveliness of setting and virtue of waters at the new holiday needs—golf-course, tennis, races.

Bad Nauheim is another of the German spas that treats itself also as a holiday resort, with tennis, rowing, music, as well as cures for rheumatism and weak hearts and nerves.

In the Haute Savoie is Evian, on the beautiful Lac Léman, with water sports as good as at any seaside, and wonderful country to motor and walk in. The famous Cachat spring is good drinking, cure or no cure.

Over in the Vosges foothills is Vittel, the "park spa"; 1100 feet up, it has an air as health-giving as its waters and its cures, of which, incidentally, organised physical exercise is an important part. Here, too, are golf polo, racing, pigeon-shooting, casino.

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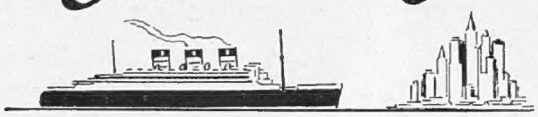

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